New Republic

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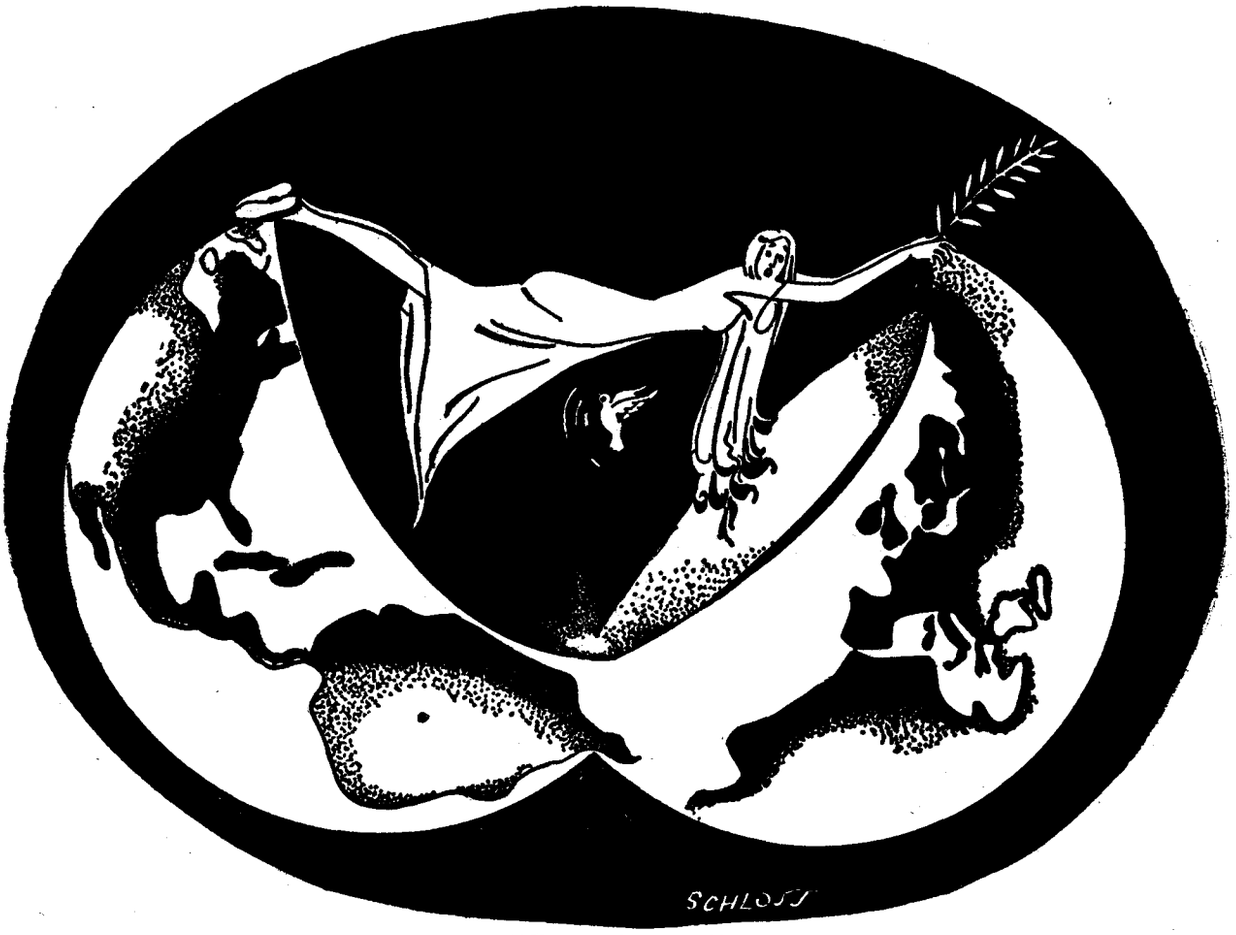

"Better hurry!"

Britain's Road to Peace

by Michael Straight

NAM Juggles the Facts

by David Munro

The Ship Charter Scandal

by Allen Bernard

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One of the outstanding achievements of Soviet fiction

ALEXEI TOLSTOY'S

ROAD TO CALVARY

In the great tradition of the Russian novel, this magnificent epic of Russian life before, during, and just after the revolution offers a superbly realistic picture of those stormy years of transition. Consisting of three full-length novels, the first part describes the life of the Petrograd intelligentsia on the eve of the First World War; the war itself; and the events of 1917. The second part covers the initial stages of the civil war. The last part carries the story forward through the civil war into the era of peaceful construction that will create life and happiness for the people.

Road to Calvary was begun in 1919, but was not finished until June 22, 1941, the day the German panzers struck into Tolstoy's fatherland. Parts of it, in progress, were published many years ago in the United States, but the entire text has since been rewritten. Tolstoy died in 1945. He lived long enough to see his masterpiece awarded the Stalin Prize, and achieve an international reputation as one of the imperishable works of Russian literature.

Translated from the Russian by Edith Bone

Typography and binding design by W. A. Dwiggins

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Who Failed at Paris?

WERE IT NOT for Russia, where would Secretary of State Byrnes find excuses for failure in his conduct of the foreign policy of the United States? When the conference of foreign ministers broke up on May 16, after 22 days of sterile dickering in the Luxembourg Palace, the news stories from Paris stressed that Byrnes considered Germany and German settlement the outstanding question of the day. He held Russia to blame for the inability of the ministers to come to any decision on this matter. Russia is indeed stubborn about Germany, but there is more to the German question than Russia's attitude. If Russia accepted in toto any suggestion that Byrnes made, the German problem would not be solved.

American vagueness, more than Russian intransigence, weakens U. S. foreign policy these days. The United States has been exasperatingly vague about making policy for the control of its own zone in Germany. While it is easy to belabor the Army and its two chief representatives in Germany, General Joseph McNarney and General Lucius Clay, for the flabbiness of our German occupation, the handicap which oppresses those two men is the lack of precise guidance from Washington. Agencies in Washington sidestep responsibility for Germany. The State Department refused to accede to a War Department request that it take over occupation control for our zone. Yet the basic source of policy is the Division of Central European Affairs in the State Department. That division moons over the multitude of problems that must be met in specific and minute terms if Germany is to be dealt with adequately. From its labor it produces only generalities. The sincere desire of Assistant Secretary Clayton to be exact about Germany waits on political decision. Meanwhile, the Russians and the British manage their zones with greater efficiency than the Americans.

Moreover, the United States has been vague about helping the powers reach a decision about the future of western Germany. For more than a year the French have made it clear that they want annexation of the Ruhr and the Rhineland. Although such a policy would improve the possibility of realizing the aims of the Potsdam Agreement for the economic repression of Germany, Byrnes objected to the French suggestion. The British likewise objected and have left the suspicion in a number of minds that they want a Germany that is industrially powerful.

The Ruhr and the Rhineland offered this country a chance to display political leadership in some other manner than its habitual duck-pecking at Russia. In the first place, the United States needs to make friends with France. In the second place, the French desire for a security buffer against Germany on the Rhine has been a basic consideration in French foreign policy for so long that to deny it is to keep unsettled France's relation to formal peace whenever it does come. In the third place, there will be no German settlement, there will not even be establishment of a zoneless four-power occupation, until the issue of the German western boundary is settled.

In the light of such U. S. sidestepping and lack of initiative, it is astonishing to read in the dispatches from Paris that Russian wickedness lies at the bottom of the inability of the ministers to agree on Germany.

BYRNES mounted to the summit of the hill of vagueness in Paris by his offer to Russia and Britain of a 25-year treaty for the occupation of Germany. American journalists wrote that this treaty represented a new trend in the diplomacy of Byrnes; the Alsop brothers said that it showed he was becoming positive and specific. As a matter of fact, it represented quite the opposite. The 25-year treaty is another item in a series of lofty proposals manufactured by the State Department and the White House. It is vague in that it nowhere reveals precisely what is to be done by the treaty partners should they combine themselves through its terms. The Potsdam Agreement is lofty enough and just as specific as the Byrnes treaty. What the world needs now is not another generality but a series of exact instructions on how to attain the vague goals we have already vaguely set. It is not Russia's fault that America's plans are misty.

Yet with shivery ecstasy some journalists in Paris and Washington have described the Russian rejection of the Byrnes treaty as a turning down of the good and

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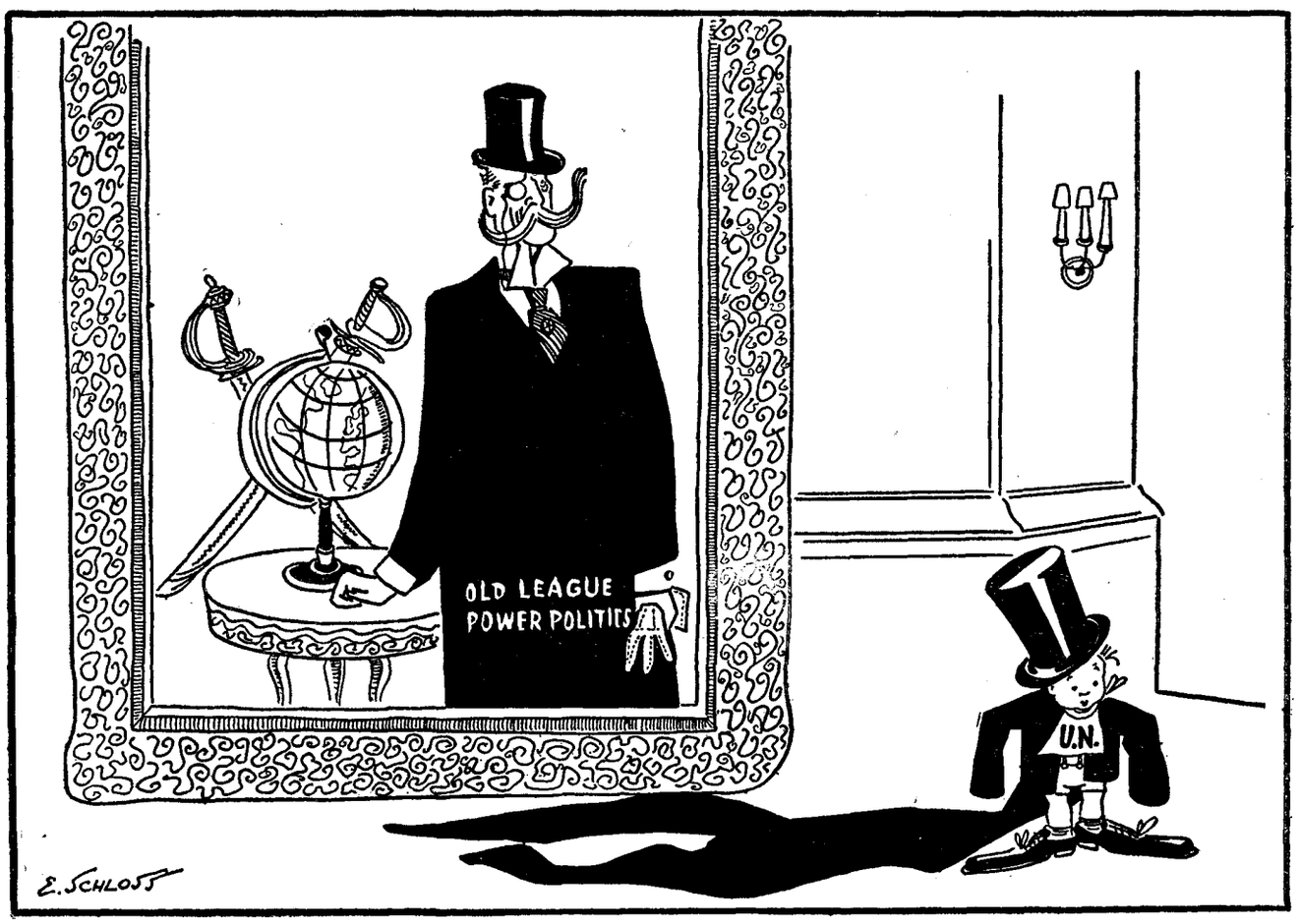
workable. James Reston of the New York *Times* went so far as to write that since the Russians had said all along that uncertainty about their allies' intentions toward Germany was a source of their mistrust of the west, Foreign Minister Molotov's coldness toward the treaty had disturbed the friends of Russia in the State Department.

Such stories lose friends for Russia by indirection. The falsehoods are hidden behind a thin screen of truth. It is true that the Russians suspect the West. But they derive their suspicion less from uncertainty about Germany than from the atomic bomb, the defense of democracy in Bulgaria as compared with the toleration of anti-democracy in Spain, and other matters often discussed in the *New Republic*. What is wanting are some specific propositions. When ministers of state meet in July to wrestle once again with the problems of peace, the United States might achieve something for Germany and the world by putting aside its vagueness.

Atomic Control Stalled

The failure of Congress to establish national control of atomic energy is about to become an overwhelming disaster. It is the more tragic because it is needless. The McMahon bill, setting up a well planned, carefully detailed system for federal control, is now practically non-controversial. It is liberal legislation in the best sense and at the same time it enjoys the unanimous endorsement of an ultra-conservative Senate committee. It could be passed by the Senate after only one afternoon's debate. Even the Army, heretofore the bitterest opponent of civilian control, appears to have called off the dogs. Thus the bill could move to passage by the House without much trouble, provided only—and this is the critical "if"—it reaches the House within the next week or two. If it arrives later, it will almost certainly be lost in the collection of unfinished business which Representatives, eager to begin the fall campaign, will leave behind them.

If the bill is not passed at this session of Congress, its chances for ultimate enactment will be reduced tremendously. Before it can be resubmitted next year, the diehard opposition in General Groves's office, temporarily corked up, may confidently be expected to burst out of the bottle and renew the campaign for military control. Even in the best of circumstances the bill will suffer with time the same fate that afflicts all liberal legislation—progressive weakening, whittling down, compromising, until its vigor and most of its merit are lost. Finally, in the intervening period, Groves and the Army's Manhattan District will enter into so many commitments, hostile to the purposes of civilian control and protection of the public against irresponsible private exploitation, that when the proposed national directing commission is eventually set up, it will inherit



Doesn't Seem to Fit

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such an evil legacy that its entire future will be jeopardized. For years to come it will be carrying an Old Man of the Sea.

Delay in passing the bill will have even worse effects in the international field. Delay is in itself a decision of the worst kind, a decision by default to leave atomic matters in military hands. The United States is at present the only country in a position to operate constructively in the atomic field. Having decided on the domestic side to use nuclear power for military purposes, how can the United States enter the Atomic Energy Commission of the UN with proposals for international regulation in the interest of peace?

Senate leadership has delayed bringing up the McMahon bill because it has no deadline or expiration date in the literal, superficial sense. In the world of reality, it has mankind's most terrifying deadline, its most imminent expiration date.

The Outcome in Coal

As this is written, John L. Lewis is squeezing every last drop of psychic nourishment that he can from the coal dispute. He is enjoying the satisfaction of being the mystery man who will not reveal until the last minute what he will do when his truce expires May 25, or how he will behave in the event of the generally anticipated federal seizure of the mines.

To guess about Lewis' future action is a thankless and usually disappointing task, but the best opinion in Washington is that he will not resume the strike and will, instead, renew the truce, with fear of anti-labor legislation acting as the compelling reason. At the moment the Administration is trying to persuade him to coöperate with seizure. Meanwhile, the United Mine Workers is trying to get the 112,000 miners still striking back to their jobs.

Lewis may be expected to seek fairly definite promises from the government as the *quid pro quo* for staying at work. Presumably he hopes to have the government negotiate a contract with him and force the operators to accept it. His chances for success in this maneuver should be good. President Truman is known to favor a substantial health and welfare fund for the miners and would agree promptly to a wage increase in the established pattern—18.5 cents an hour.

The miners are entitled to the wage increase. They face a situation on take-home pay identical to that which confronts the rest of American industrial workers. Their average weekly earnings of more than $57 (better than double the Pearl Harbor figure and almost three times the amount in 1936) derive from a work week averaging 43 or 44 hours, with premium pay on all time over 35 hours. Earnings will be cut severely when the industry returns to the basic 35-hour week. Furthermore, handsome though the weekly-earnings figure may appear, it must be remembered that the miner does not work a full year. The best he ever did was in 1944, with 278 days of work. In 1941 his work year consisted of 216 days and in 1935 he worked less than half the days of the year.

Since the wage increase will be met by a compensatory price increase, it should cause no grave problem to the industry. Similarly, the health and welfare fund will presumably be considered a cost of mining and will therefore be offset in price-ceiling boosts by the OPA. Some of it could easily come out of industry profits. After 13 consecutive years of operating in the red, the bituminous industry as a whole netted about $3,667,000 after taxes in 1940. In 1943, the last year for which such figures are available, its earnings after taxes were about $44 million. Its profits in the last two years certainly have continued to rise.

Lewis is obviously not expecting to get his request for a welfare fund equal to seven percent of payrolls. He will probably settle for about two or three percent, a range which the government would consider reasonable. After a great show of anguish, he will doubtless abandon his demand for sole union administration, accepting instead the government preference for a tripartite trusteeship.

It begins to appear that the government will have an easier time getting Lewis to accept a settlement on some such basis as that outlined above than it will in gettting the operators to come along. In denying that they ever agreed to a welfare fund, even "in principle," the operators adopted a new strategy on the basis of a new hope. In the last week they have seen a real chance of anti-union legislation and are doing their best to provoke it. Their attitude will grow much more conciliatory if that hope becomes forlorn.

Railroad Crisis

There were some panicky minutes at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue when, at 3:30 on Saturday, the two old crotchets of railway labor, Alvanley Johnston and A. F. Whitney, still had not called off their threatened strike against the government. But at 3:34 the word came through from Cleveland, and Harry S. Truman enjoyed his little triumph. He enjoyed it so much that he resolved to try seizure again, this time on a much tougher customer, John L. Lewis.

That the threatened railroad strike went as far as it did came as a shock to everybody. No one thought, until the deadline approached, that the engineers and the trainmen would actually strike the roads, and it seemed inconceivable that they would strike against the government after seizure. Johnston and Whitney are querulous and blustery, but the railroads had not been struck for more than twenty years. And it was recalled that Whitney never was much of a striker—his men had refused to go out during the switchmen's strike of 1920. These brotherhoods, these elite of labor, had

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battened behind the Railway Labor Act for so long that most people assumed they had forgotten how to throw their economic weight around. The capitulation at 3:34 came near proving that they have forgotten. To Washington it seemed that they had lost their chance, that the five-day truce ended the threat of a railroad strike.

The trainmen and the engineers have a good case. They asked for a $2.50 daily wage increase last July, and they have been ensnarled in the red tape of the Railway Labor Act ever since. First a fact-finding board and later a special emergency board found that railroad workers are entitled to no more than $1.28 a day in wage increases—wholly inadequate when one remembers that passenger engineers, the highest paid, make no more than $12 a day, and the pay for highly skilled trainmen ranges from $5.99 to $11 a day. Once the railroad men made the highest wages in U. S. industry. Now they are far down the list. Furthermore, the arrogant carriers resisted even such changes in working rules as would require them to provide ice water for freight-train crews and furnish clean uniforms. They sought to throw off restrictions on the length of trains and on the size of crews necessary to man them.

There seems to be no doubt that the near-strike has thrown a scare into the operators, and there is hope that collective bargaining, now resumed, will be fruitful. The near-catastrophe of a transportation shut-down, happily averted, has its lesson for the Administration and for the country: A little presidential firmness applied at the right place and at the right time can avert shut-downs that threaten the whole nation's economy.

Fight against Reaction

A dozen men in the United States Senate are fighting for time. They are trying to hold back the pounding waves of anti-labor legislation until public opinion has subsided and Congress is in a cooler, saner mood. They have been talking for a week, holding the floor against hot demands for a vote on the vicious Case bill and the amendments by Senators Lucas, Ball and Byrd. Regardless of how long it takes, they are prepared to talk until the Senate calms down or until an agreement to postpone action on the Case bill can be negotiated.

The fight was opened by James E. Murray, chairman of the Senate Education and Labor Committee. He asked for sanity in labor legislation and argued that no bill would stop the coal strike. He said if anyone was to blame, it was Congress, for failing to prepare for the reconversion of labor by expansion of social security, national health legislation and pay adjustments. One of the best arguments during the whole debate was given by George Aiken, the liberal Vermont Republican. He said, "I am not in favor of casting overboard all concepts of liberty under which this country has been governed since 1776, in order to force one man against his will to work for another who will make private gains from such service."

Holding the dike is an interesting combination of men. In addition to Murray and Aiken, Wayne Morse, a crisply independent Republican and former university professor; Burton K. Wheeler, the progressive giant of the twenties and early thirties who has been sulking in his tent the last few years; Claude Pepper, Florida Democrat; Charles Tobey, the New Hampshire businessman; Joe O'Mahoney, Wyoming Democrat; Bob LaFollette, the Wisconsin Progressive turned Republican; and four of the younger New Dealers—Glen Taylor, Harley Kilgore, Warren Magnuson and Hugh Mitchell—are helping to hold back the anti-labor tide.

They have a silent partner in Alben Barkley, the Democratic majority leader. He is opposed in principle to talking a bill to death. But at the same time he sees the great dangers—both political and economic—in the passage of the bills now before the Senate. He knows, too, that if the little group stops talking, the Senate in its present mood would pass the Case bill with a happy roar.

Statistics of Death

Last week in Chicago, before a radio audience of millions, Herbert Hoover gave a dramatic account of world hunger. At the same time, he allowed what could have been his greatest moment in history to pass him by. He gave no encouragement to those who hoped that here, at last, he would drop the mantle of voluntary food conservation and take up the challenge of forceful action to meet what he described as "the grimmest spectre of famine in all the history of the world." Instead, his report tends to have the opposite effect. His statistics appear to show that by some secret magic we have managed to reduce the huge gap between grain required and grain available from 11 million to 3.6 million tons. Hoover explained briefly how that reduction was accomplished. About four million tons were cut from the gap by reducing to the absolute minimum the reserves of all countries, and then paring their caloric ration to the barest limits which in theory will sustain life. A further shifting of allotments, substitution of other grains and development of new sources further decreased the gap to about 3.6 million tons.

Hoover's figures on the second series of cuts, which he mainly attributes to "new sources," have since been challenged by other food authorities. An error, they say, was made in twice adding on to the statistics grain shipped in April. Hoover also included in his totals certain coarse grains, neither wheat nor rice, which had been shipped previously but had not been counted in the over-all grain figures. There has been no attempt to impugn Hoover's efforts, but if we have reduced the

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world's food needs primarily by statistics, let us not attribute it to largesse.

Hoover said his food estimates for the famine countries were based on a "1,500-calory bottom level," which he declared would be dreadfully hard on children, emphasizing that the ration level is meaningless in many cases, for it is not so apportioned in actuality, as the active workers require far more than that amount. Just before Hoover's address, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics announced that average caloric consumption in America this year will be about 3,300 per day, just under the record of 3,350 in 1945 and above the 3,250 rate of the 1933-39 period.

Of the countries which receive relief from UNRRA, China, Austria, Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia, Poland, Czechoslovakia and India are reported in acute danger of famine. In Vienna the ration is already under 900 calories, with 1,900 regarded as the limit below which people become highly susceptible to disease, with the slightest injury an opening for infection. In Greece the daily bread ration, the basic diet, has been cut to eight ounces, with a further cut likely in June. In Canton, China, it is reported that 600 bodies of starvation victims have been found on the streets during the first ten days of May, with the death toll there running as high as 170 daily.

Hoover declared in his Chicago speech that "To explode into public criticism in this crisis would only weaken the amount of support and diminish the food" the hungry countries will receive. If we are to be lulled into such an attitude, then surely all of the 800 million —the one-third of the peoples of the earth—are doomed.

Another Herbert, Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the British Council, said in Washington last week that people will not die of starvation "because there is too little food to go around," but because we are "short of the will to get the right shares of it into the right mouths at the right time."

Taft as a "Liberal"

ONE OF THE little noticed developments in Washington is the current attempt of Senator Robert A. Taft, leader of the Republican brain trust, to palm himself off as a "practical liberal," and thus build himself up as a 1948 presidential candidate.

Taft's first step in this direction was to jump on the housing bandwagon and join Senators Wagner and Ellender in sponsoring their long-range housing bill. His second step was to join with Senators Hill and Thomas (of Utah) in sponsoring a picayune bill for federal aid to education.

Taft's most recent step is the introduction of a new health bill to rival the health-insurance program proposed by President Truman and co-sponsored by Senators Murray and Wagner and Representative Dingell. In this latest legislative venture, instead of joining with Democrats anxious to get conservative support, Taft has come out with a straight Republican bill and has obtained the co-sponsorship of two other Republicans whose liberalism is at least uncertain—Senators Ball of Minnesota and Smith of New Jersey.

Taft proudly points out that the three bills together constitute a $700-million social-welfare program: $150 million for housing, $250 million for education and $300 million for health. On May 3, he boldly proclaimed on the floor of the Senate that "I believe that the American people are willing to pay as much as $700 million for the additional service which is here being promoted."

If anyone is naïve enough to think that Taft has undergone a genuine metamorphosis, all he need do is read the Taft-Smith-Ball health bill. This alleged substitute for the Administration's health program is sheer fraud. Instead of ensuring comprehensive health insurance for all, it provides federal grants to aid states in making charity medicine available for "those families and individuals in the state having insufficient income." To quote AFL President William Green, the Taft-Smith-Ball bill "is simply a 1946 model of providing medical care for the indigent." It also vests administrative control in the hands of a council dominated by organized medicine. The bill is also an administrative monstrosity. It proposes to set up a separate health agency at a time when the basic need in the federal administration of social services is the creation of a new department covering the fields of health, education and security.

The development of Taft's social-welfare "program" is a double challenge. To such liberals in the Republican Party as Senators Morse, Aiken and Tobey, it is a challenge to come forth with an alternative program for Republicans. For Democratic liberals it means that the issue of health insurance for everybody v. medical charity for the "indigent" must be carried to the people. It means that a new and comprehensive program of federal aid to education, far more ambitious than that embodied in the Hill-Thomas-Taft bill, must be mapped without delay. In the field of housing, it means that the passage of the Wagner-Ellender-Taft bill should be but a signal for raising the housing fight to a higher plane.

Generally, it means that liberals in Congress must be suspicious of Taft bearing the gift of political support. The fact that after being out of power for thirteen years the Republican leadership can take one or two faltering forward steps is no reason why congressional liberals should take any steps backward. It is all the more reason why they must set their goals higher for an economic program that can really assure full employment, security and opportunity for the American people.

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Washington Wire

National Welfare v. Labor's Rights

TWO INALIENABLE DEMOCRATIC RIGHTS clash in the coal and rail disputes, and the clash causes the trouble in Washington. First is the unbridgeable right of a man not to work if he doesn't want to. Second is the self-evident right of a government to protect itself if it is endangered. The exercise of the first right on a nationwide scale in a key industry may run counter to the second right. Every time it does, the blood pressure of Congress goes up.

No final way to reconcile these two rights has ever been worked out. Various factions at various times have attempted to deny one or the other of them, but they cannot be denied. Most editorial writers and congressmen have been dashing intellectually hither and yon in the past month, looking for shortcuts. Up till the time of the rail dispute the great panacea was the Railway Labor Act whose sponsor was Donald Richberg. The Ball-Burton-Hatch bill is modeled on it. That act has many desirable features on a voluntary-arbitration basis. But voluntary arbitration requires a relatively mature type of industrial relationship. Even so, strikes can occur under it, as has been shown. So Congress, by one sophistry or another, is edging toward "compulsory arbitration," which isn't arbitration at all. Basically it denies the right of a man to quit his job. This doesn't work, and can't work, in a democracy. Furthermore, anti-labor groups are using the crisis as a heaven-sent excuse for a mass attack on the Wagner Act, labor's Magna Carta, on the ground that labor and capital must be "equalized." The point here is that you can't equalize two different things: "labor" represents human beings, "capital" represents money. The Wagner Act redressed certain glaring workers' grievances, and no permanent change backward is possible.

It would be nice if we could leave the matter there. But there is no way of denying the second right: the right of a democracy to protect itself in the face of a major threat. What constitutes such a threat is a matter of judgment, but a 40-day coal strike comes under the category, particularly where the dictatorial leader of the strike doesn't state his objectives for the first three or four weeks. A complete rail tie-up is an even more immediate threat. The authorities have to act even if sections of organized labor squawk.

So where does this leave Congress and the Administration? Mr. Truman would prefer to go easy. That is partly for political reasons, partly because his labor advisers take a long-run view. They know there is no easy answer. They know how much depends on tolerance and moderation in a democracy. They realize that our mushrooming labor movement, which had only four million members ten years ago, now is generally tending to educate itself and is getting more responsible and mature. But there is a limit to patience. It is hard to support the tactics either of Lewis or the rail leaders.

Congress, for its part, is rarin' to go. If it can, it will slap down "quickie" legislation, and this time it may be more effective (and dangerous) than the preposterous Smith-Connally anti-strike law. It will be bad for at least two reasons: it will be aimed to hold back genuine social reforms, and it will attempt to impose similar penalties on mature and immature unions alike. In the present state of American unionism this is about the same thing as imposing identical penalties on a grown man and a ten-year-old child. As I write this, the prospects are good for anti-strike legislation, and observers are holding their breath, wondering just how bad it will be. The fact that a staunch Republican, John L. Lewis, is primarily responsible for the whole thing won't make it easier for CIO unions.

There's real danger in repressive legislation. American unionism isn't the puny thing it was 10 years ago. Now it has around 15 million members. It's hard to think of any festering sore that would so promote class conflict, bitterness and violence as an ill conceived, punitive labor law seeking to impose compulsory arbitration.

There is every prospect that the legislative jam in the final days of this Congress will be about the worst in history. It is now almost June. Congress will want to take a political recess this summer to prepare for the election. After the election in November the lame-duck Congress will tend to postpone matters till January. Bills which fail to become law before this session expires must start all over again from scratch.

Already legislative leaders are throwing major bills overboard. Most of the ambitious Truman social program has been jettisoned. A whole batch of "must" appropriation bills haven't yet been acted on. They are piling up for last-minute enactment, which gives ideal opportunity for bold pressure groups to attach riders. The silver bloc is already setting an ambush to hold up the stagecoach. The British loan, signed December 6, 1945, hasn't cleared the House committee; the OPA is bitterly contested; we have just seen the kind of random, hit-or-miss extemporization, in the draft-act extension, that results when a sluggish Congress runs into a deadline. One of the most important bills of all, the McMahon atomic-energy bill, may be lost in the shuffle. As usual, after a quarter-century, the poor old St. Lawrence seaway bill will probably be dropped, to start its pathetic biennial round once more.

The question is seriously asked whether Congress, as now organized, is breaking down under the postwar load. From now on the burden will be vastly greater. Can it stand the strain? Is it not already, as in the draft-act-extension farce, showing what lies ahead? Hitherto congressional reform has been rather academic; now we may face a real collapse.

Notes. – The same newspapers that carried Truman's press conference comment last week that America has done "all it possibly can do" for famine relief, announced that Americans would eat more this year than ever before in history. . . . Eight of the nine congresswomen voted against the "sentimental" draft-act extension; Jessie Sumner (R, Ill.), the only spinster of the nine, voted alone for exemption.

Washington T. R. B.

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Political Roundup

The Democrats and the PAC

BOB HANNEGAN, Democratic National Chairman, is back from an Arizona recuperation, busy tying up the loose ends of Democratic-PAC coöperation which unraveled during his absence. In the first private meeting of the new coördinating committee established by the CIO-PAC, the National Citizens' PAC and the Independent Citizens' Committee last week, there was unanimous agreement that there should be no interruption in the present close coöperation of these groups with the Democratic National Committee. Sidney Hillman and the spokesmen of the other two groups repeated their confidence in Hannegan's intentions with regard to legislation now and political collaboration with liberals at least through the 1946 elections. Third-party ideas were once again disavowed, if anything more strongly than ever. The united liberal movement will support individuals from both the major parties, but obviously most of the candidates they will jointly support this year will be Democrats. Most of the attacks Southern Democrats have made on the National Committee in recent months and most of the rumors that Hannegan is about to resign or be fired arise from reactionary concern over this state of affairs.

Missouri. – As previously reported in this column, the Democratic National Committee has all but abandoned whatever ideas it may have had about ridding itself of the traitors in its midst who have collaborated with the Republicans in Congress. Representative Roger Slaughter of Kansas City, who has waged war on the Administration from his position in the Rules Committee, was the one exception to which both the President and Hannegan have held; lick him they would. But Pendergast has now informed his party chiefs that he doesn't want any part of their pet project. Slaughter stands high in the machine, Pendergast says, and it is not worth the trouble it would cause to unseat him. The PAC and the Missouri progressives will have trouble electing their candidate against Slaughter unless Hannegan and the National Committee can at least split the regular organization in the district.

Alabama. – The Democratic National Committee takes no part in primary elections and is thereby committed to a hands-off policy for the South. There is as great a difference between the two candidates for Governor of Alabama as there is between the Roosevelt Democrats and the Pew Republicans who will oppose each other in Pennsylvania's November elections. But the only national voices that cry this aloud are the PAC and the Southern Conference for Human Welfare. Lieutenant Governor Handy Ellis is trying to make the CIO and "Sidney Hillman of New York" the issue in his campaign against James Folsom, who has PAC support, for Governor. Ellis and the "Big Mule" corporations who support him appear to be in danger of overdoing the labor-scare psychology they are trying to use on the farmers who voted for Folsom in the first primary. It is worth their notice that Folsom, with New Deal speeches, placed first in the primary; his campaign expeditures were only $7,000, none of which came from the CIO.

Rhode Island. – No two men in the House of Representatives have better records for supporting labor and liberal policies than Democrats Aime Forand and John Fogarty. Now that Senator Peter Gerry has finally decided to withdraw from political life, Rhode Island has a chance to match these men with another progressive in the Senate. The choice for Democratic nominee to date is between former Governor Patrick Quinn, former Governor Howard McGrath and Dennis J. Roberts, Mayor of Providence. Any one of the three would be a liberal improvement on Senator Gerry. Under the leadership of CIO State Director Frank Benti, the PAC began months ago to campaign for its own delegates to the state Democratic convention which will name the senatorial nominee. As a result, the new Senator from Rhode Island will almost certainly be a popular spokesman.

California. – The Los Angeles *Daily News* has called on the voters of the 14th District to reëlect Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas (D), honoring her record by calling her "the conscience of the Seventy-ninth Congress."

Idaho. – Senator C. C. Gossett (D), former Governor who appointed himself to succeed the late Senator John Thomas, is up against a stiff primary fight for renomination. Senator Glen Taylor (D) is actively supporting George Donart of Weiser, Idaho, eminent state senator, lawyer and New Dealer. Taylor intends to stump the state for Donart, with sound truck and guitar and the kind of straight talk that has won him the respect of the chief liberal leaders in the Senate in his brief term of service. Gossett is a good hand-shaker with a poor record as far as public welfare is concerned. Because Gossett antagonized so many groups while he was Governor, Donart has at least an even chance of winning support from within the regular Democratic organization.

On the Republican side, Representative Henry Dworshak has by far the best chance of winning the nomination for the Senate. Richard Wells, Pocatello businessman and Rotary International official, is his strongest opponent but not a very serious threat. Idaho big-business interests have no reason to throw Dworshak over.

In the Second Congressional District, left vacant by Dworshak's announcement for the Senate, four Democrats are running. Of these, Frank M. Bistline, Democratic National Committeeman from Idaho and former speaker of the state legislature and a good liberal, has the best chance to win. Next in line on the Democratic side probably is Pete Leguineche, a progressive young lawyer and political newcomer. Either would be a real improvement over Dworshak.

The strongest Republican contender for the seat is Hamer Budge, a young attorney from a well known Mormon family. The Idaho professionals say that this race is wide open, with practically everything depending on the kind of campaign the opposing forces put on.

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England Between War and Peace

by Michael Straight

London

TOTNES, IN DEVON, is an ancient town, a trading outpost of the Roman Empire, in the heart of rural England, that has barely changed since Roman days. Once a year in the unaltered Guildhall, an outstanding citizen has been clothed in the robes of Mayor in a ceremony older than the United States.

I sat in the kitchen of the Mayor's house. Washed clothing hung around the coal fire. A baby played on the floor long after bedtime.

The Mayor arrived from a council meeting. The Mayor, Mrs. Lilley Ramsden, is a Labor Party official, the wife of a Birmingham metal worker and a longtime reader of the *NR*. Totnes has never had a Mayor like her before.

"You wouldn't know Totnes now," she said. "We're working on maternity homes and nursery schools. We'll have a new health service when the National Health Service Act is passed. We're raising a great Welcome Home Fund for the veterans, and then there's prefabricated housing.

"It's the Labor Party. We had a hundred members in this division before the war. Now we have thirteen hundred. Six weeks before the election we had no candidate for Parliament. A young lad came down and we formed a Labor Party in every village around. We raised the Labor vote from three thousand to seventeen thousand. Next time we'll win.

"Down here it's the County Council that administers the Labor program for education and health and planning. We'd never even contested the County Council seats. We fought more than thirty this time. In the hardest of all, we battled the whole Tory machine and won. Les, here, was elected to another. Down at Staverton it was really feudal. There was a woman who had never been opposed. A farm laborer got up and ran against her. She jumped on the telephone and called him up. 'Does your employer know you're running against me?' she asked. 'That's a matter between 'im and me,' he said, and he rang off. He did right well."

"Ah," said her husband Les, the Mayor's consort, "things are looking up. You should see Lil open a bazaar and lay a cornerstone. She's fine!" He poked the fire. "There's nothing like this in the States, I suppose," he said, "no progressive movement at all. . . . I can't understand it. There's only one hope for the world: if the workers stick together . . . and in the States there's no movement like ours. That's the danger, right there."

In London, the bombed and burned areas stand out like missing teeth. Shingles and walls still show the scars of shrapnel and anti-aircraft fire. Paint is needed everywhere. In street after street, houses that look lived in by day are dark and deserted at night. There is only rubble and cinder behind the façades.

Gangs work in army fatigues, breaking down the shelters, filling up the trenches, digging out the last unexploded bombs. American soldiers no longer fill the streets. At the Palladium and the Victoria Palace crowds laugh at the affectionate, ironic jokes about Yanks and their girls, and Americans on the stage work to recreate good will, overcoming in minute ways the bewilderment and bitterness over the British loan and the acts of governments.

PART of the meat ration, and the great standby, dried eggs, disappeared when lend-lease ended. Another standby, rice, is almost gone. Rations are below wartime standards, and are being cut further. Sugar is low, at a half-pound a week. The butter ration is three ounces, and lard one ounce a week. The weekly meat ration is enough for one small cutlet. Fish is not rationed and is very important. There are long queues for fish in London.

I stood in one such queue talking to a sailor's wife. "It's been hardest of all on the housewives," she said. "We stand in these queues all day. We can never get away for a rest. It's better, now the Yanks have gone. We miss them, but we felt they didn't want to stay, and I suppose we can't blame them. I wish they hadn't seen London looking so shabby."

"What do you expect?" another woman asked. "Here we've been six years without new clothes. We can't make coats and shoes last six years like we used to. If you go in the shops today, the girls are just rude to you. I could get clothes—on the black market. I can go any time and buy coupons for three shillings and the government isn't doing anything about it."

"Nor about anything else," said a third woman. "Here, it's nearly a year since the war ended, and there isn't a new house built. And today the bread loaf has been cut again."

"We're not hard up, really," said the sailor's wife. "We have enough potatoes and cabbage to get by, and it's a lot worse for others. But we would like a change. And we don't like to be shabby. We haven't even enough soap to keep clean. So we grumble. Once we used to say, 'Don't you know there's a war on?' Now we say, 'It's all going to UNRRA.'"

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"Don't you want it to go to UNRRA?" I asked. She thought for a time, and answered: "Of course. It's just that we're tired."

IN THE government offices at Whitehall there is tiredness from overwork, and growing enthusiasm and self-confidence. "The mistake that Americans make is thinking that we're dependent on help," a government leader said to me. "We're not. We've progressed farther in eight months than any peacetime government in Britain's history. And if we have to, we'll stand alone.

"The great mistake the Russians make," he added, "is that they think they can isolate us from the British people. They can't. The British people are proud of themselves for electing a Labor government, and every time the Russians attack it, they rise to its defense.

"We're advancing today toward a new society. Take unemployment—apart from a few pockets in South Wales and Tyneside, we're not worried about chronic unemployment any more.

"Of course, there isn't much to show yet. When the Tories took power their ministers found a sympathetic civil service, and they were freed for policy. Our ministers have had to retrain the entire civil service in every administrative detail. So we're behind. But our mistakes are all minor mistakes.

"We'll never be beaten on our domestic program. The only disaster that can stop us now is a world breakdown, economic or political.

"Take the loan. Some of us were against it. We wanted to make our own trade pacts, to maintain jobs here, even if it meant austerity, and to be independent of America. Nobody here believes that America is going to avoid another depression. We believe that the last depression was the greatest seminal source of evil in this century. We tied ourselves to America through the loan, because it was necessary for the United Nations. Now it's up to you.

"And there's the danger of famine. Next door, there's a chart of famine on the wall. In June, people will start dying in the streets of Madras; in July, Travancore; in August, Bombay; in September, Bengal—there are charts for China, and for Europe. It's going to be a worse setback than Pearl Harbor.

"It's not a problem of a ship here, and a million tons of grain there, as Hoover seems to think. It's a problem of planning your entire agricultural production.

"A hundred and fifty million tons of American grain are being turned into 20 million tons of meat in America, at a time when only grain can save lives. If every hen and hog and cow in America were fed the same amount of grain now that they were fed before the war, 15 million tons of grain would be freed for export. It could prevent the famine.

"If famine comes," he said, "the world will hold you responsible. Where will that leave the United Nations, and democracy?"

THERE is a feeling in England of being caught between two worlds.

I talked to a banker. "I and my friends," he said, "believe that this is 1936. If the Russians are not stopped now there will be war."

I talked to a liberal editor. "I'm terrified of war in Palestine," he said. "Think of it! Britons fighting Jews! . . . I used to believe that the Empire could be used in some way. Now I wonder if it shouldn't all be abolished in the interests of peace. . . . I've thought that Britain was hungry—but if you could see Germany! . . . What are we to do? I and my friends have met, and we just don't know. We think that perhaps the only hope for Britain is neutrality. . . ."

I had a drink with a leading journalist, a veteran just back from Burma. "I used to believe in Soviet democracy," he said. "I demanded a coalition government. I cried out for a purge of the appeasers. I clapped my hands for Tito and the Chinese Communists. I got down on my knees and begged for a second front. As a soldier I went through Russia and Rumania and Yugoslavia. I found the people living in horrible fear. I don't believe in military communism any more.

"You can say what you like about Britain and America. They did a job. Get two Yanks, and they start damning England; get two Limeys and it's 'to hell with America.' Get a Limey and a Yank together and something happens. We shared our rum and rations and cigarettes. It was no good saying, 'Yah, Tobruk!' and 'Bunker Hill to you!' We fought like mad with one another and at the last moment someone said: 'Look here, chaps, we've got to get the job done!' And we did. That's the way it was at SHAEF, and at the

Herblock in the Washington Post

Shall We Synchronize Calendars?

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front. That's what happened on the Palestine Commission. But we're losing that new identity, and there's nothing real enough to take its place." He lifted up his drink. He said, "Press on regardless!"

I SAT with a group of Labor MP's while a debate continued in Parliament close to midnight. "Anti-Soviet?" they said. "Of course we're anti-Soviet. We're on the receiving end of the Soviet offensive. The Russian people have never even heard of British socialism. All they're told is that we want to attack them—Britain, attacking any nation now! In the Middle East the Russians are inciting the Moslems to violence against us. The Soviet radio is telling the Middle East peoples that Britain is a feudal, warlike society. These peoples have never even heard of our pledge to leave India.

"We're proud of our evacuation of Egypt. We're proud that Churchill is angry about it. We don't want to hold the Middle East by force. But to say, as the Russians do, that we're there representing a few oil monopolies is to insult the British people. We're the government now; oil means fuel and heat and power, and we're responsible for oil supplies. We're trying to withdraw from the palace of Empire, but we don't want to be kicked down the stairs. We'll be damned if we'll hand over to independence the colonies we once took in order that the Russians and Americans can make new colonies of them now.

"Of course Bevin is anti-Soviet," they said. "He remembers how the Commies waged war on him in the Transport and General Workers' Union. They said to him, *'If we take power, our hands will be on your throat.' 'Then I'll see to it that you don't take power,'* he said. He arrived in the Foreign Office and he found the same war going on. He fights it in the same way, not by his rules, but by the rules they taught him.

"Now he sees every issue in terms of the strategy of this struggle. He isn't following a socialist policy. That's where he's wrong. Our only hope is to give clear socialist leadership to the peoples of Europe, because that's the only leadership they will willingly follow.

"But Bevin today is the most powerful man in England. And the veterans are the strongest of all groups for Bevin. They saw the raping and the looting that went on with the Soviet troops, and they're the most anti-Soviet of all.

"The Communists have tried to capture our government through affiliation to the Labor Party. If they had won, they would have split the Labor Party and wrecked the government, just as Jacques Duclos is wrecking France today. They never had any mass support for affiliation. They never had more than a few union leaders behind them. The rest was a bluff. We called the bluff. We took the fight down to the union locals, and we beat them every time.

I spoke with a Communist leader. "It's a difficult time," he said. "There are a lot of grievances against this government. We'll gain strength now, if we voice them. We won't voice them because we're not in opposition yet. But the Labor Party is out to break us, and our boys will fight back.

"They talk about socialism," he said. "This here isn't socialism, not while iron and steel, shipping and shipbuilding, textiles and banking stay in private hands. There's no hope for Britain this way. We're in real trouble. Of twelve hundred kids in the Rhondda Valley, they found that thirty want to follow their dads into the pits. It's the same way on the farms.

"You Yanks will starve us yet. Do you know that America is ready to mine coal, and send it to England, and sell it cheaper than our lads can mine it? You'll drive us out of every export market we have before you're done. That's the meaning of the terms of the British loan. You've opened our markets and your capitalists are bound to push out when profits fall in the States. We can't keep up with you.

"Yet here we are, tying ourselves to the States. I'm for the loan, because I know that our people need food and clothing. But I'm for socialism, too. We need to trade with the Soviet Union, with Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia and Poland. But the only ruddy country that we've made a trade pact with is Spain.

"In these past eight months, we've abandoned socialism in Europe. We've made every effort to isolate the Soviet Union, in order to appease reaction in the United States. And what will we get for it? Misery and unemployment when your depression comes.

"The basic political fact in the world today," he went on, "is the political offensive against the Soviet Union. This atomic bomb of yours has altered the balance of forces and revived the old dream of destroying the Soviet Union. But the Soviet Union will have the bomb before long, so it's to be a short-term war or none at all. But America isn't equipped for a short-term war. Her forces are demobilized and so are Britain's. The best they can do is to isolate the Soviet Union and make war preparation possible.

"Everyone talked about the last war. No one could believe it was coming. Now we're ready to believe that war is ahead. And what if war comes? There won't be a man left on this little island after the next war. It's Britain that you should be sorry for." He stood up wearily: "I take the long view."

I TAKE the short view.

Peace is a short-term problem. It rests on the faith of nations in the possibility of compromise. That faith is dying. If it dies, war will become inevitable. We are destroying that faith today by deadlock on limited issues that arise because both sides see these limited issues as moves in a strategy of unlimited struggle. This policy of two worlds that we and the Russians are following leads to war.

It is a two-world policy to think solely in terms of

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war. To demand, as a positive program, the breaking up of the Anglo-American coalition as a war coalition is to guarantee its consolidation. To demand the sharing by Russia of the secret of manufacturing atomic bombs is to guarantee that the secret will be kept by us. No one in England believes that Russia will accept world control of atomic energy until she has produced a bomb. But her first bomb will explode the hopes of world control. This is no time to assert: world control—but not for my nation; national disarmament in weapons of mass destruction—but not for my nation. The only objective that can be realized now is not that some nations should be ready to wage war, but that no nation should be able to wage war.

If in a year the United Nations has been denied adequate authority, Britain, like America, will experience a violent reaction. Both nations will find they have forgone national security by demobilization and the recession from empire, and that the United Nations provides no alternative form of world security. Then both will undertake aggressive national rearmament, or a nuclear union. And two worlds will have been formed.

Leaders of the Labor government believe that the growth of the United Nations into a limited world government can prevent war. But they understand, more clearly than Americans, that government arises when men recognize that they hold the same great ends of life in common and, in forming a society, create a government to serve its ends.

Both sides are now denying with all their resources that communist and democratic societies can hold the same ends in common. Yet no one in England, Communist or Tory, believes that there is any chance whatever that a world society of communism or of free enterprise will be created this side of war. For this reason, increased loyalty to either cannot bring peace; only a new loyalty, to the United Nations, can bring peace.

America represents no moving militant faith to the peoples of the world who seek one world society: that is terribly clear in Europe. In England, Czechoslovakia, France and other countries, an intermediate society is emerging. But the magnet repels both sides, instead of drawing them together. We are refusing to fit the existing components of a world society into the pattern.

Our one hope is to assert in action that we do hold the same great ends of life in common—to make the Four Freedoms Four Realities. It is to start now to fashion the first approximation of a world society based on the Four Freedoms, on which can be raised a government strong enough to prevent a resort to arms. It means a major change in Anglo-American, and in Soviet, policy. It must come, and it will come—because the alternative is death.

The NAM Juggles the Facts

by David A. Munro

ROBERT R. WASON, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, came out in favor of the American people. His NAM program, he told the House Banking and Currency Committee, "is in the interest of every American alive."

This was the peak in public benefit to which Mr. Wason, who in commercial life is president of Manning, Maxwell and Moore, Inc., of New York City, permitted the enthusiasm of the moment to carry him. Speaking more prosaically, he brought forth charts to show that a rise in prices by the elimination of all price controls would end the threat of inflation—apparently using the "hair-of-the-dog" logic which alcoholics find so persuasive. He also listed an impressive array of his own associates among the "every-American-alive" grand total for whom the NAM in fact worked. He stated that the NAM board of directors, consisting of 141 businessmen throughout the country, had met and acted four times on price-control policy since the end of the war and that they were "unanimous" in wanting the OPA to end June 30. He said that NAM policies are formulated by local committees with a total membership of about 1,500. He noted that policy decisions come up democratically in this fashion from the rank and file, since each member has one vote, regardless of the size of his company. But the total size was impressive. He stated that "the National Association of Manufacturers is composed of 15,000 producing companies located in every state in the Union [which] produce 85 percent of all manufactured goods in the country."

But hardly had Robert Wason left the stand before his case began to disintegrate. The next week *Modern Industry*, which is never happy when it finds itself refuting the opinions of the NAM, released a survey of "3,215 persons who, taken together, constitute a fairly representative sample of men in managerial positions in plants responsible for approximately 89 percent of all American manufacturing production."

David A. Munro, the founder and original editor of Space and Time, has written for Business Week, *the* New Yorker, Pageant *and the information section of the OPA. He is now free-lancing.*

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Fifty-three and eight-tenths percent of them answered yes to the question, "Should price controls be extended beyond June 30?" Later the NAM's own favorite researcher, Dr. Claude Robinson, released to his members the best anti-price-control findings he could stand behind. They showed that, to the question, "What in your opinion should be done about price ceilings at the present time?" only 23 percent thought they should be eliminated entirely. On April 13, the National Opinion Research Center at Denver, with a wide reputation for accuracy, showed that 68 percent of wealthy and prosperous businessmen wanted price controls continued for a year; 80 percent of middle-class businessmen wanted them.

This has prompted a business revolt. In New York the National Businessmen for OPA Committee came to life. One of its most important members, William Joyce, California shoe manufacturer, crossed the continent to present his views on a Town Meeting program in opposition to Fulton Lewis Jr. and W. Lee ("Pass the biscuits, Pappy") O'Daniel. In Washington the New Council of American Business, Inc., was

YEOMEN OF THE PEACE by Derso and Kelen

F. de Briere, French member of the UN headquarters committee: Very Gallic, small, dark, agile. . . . A keen sense of humor in the French manner, sardonic, ironic. . . . Knows America well, as former consul in Boston. . . . World-weary, sophisticated, probably a pessimist but able to conceal it and get on with his job.

Arthur Sweetser, American, adviser to the Secretary-General: Has gone a long way since, years ago, he was a callow member of the New Republic *staff. . . . Devoted, long-time servant of the Geneva League, a true believer in international unity at the level of action, not oratory. . . . Ageless, wise, weary, with a touch of the traditional Chinese Mandarin about him.*

Frank Lidgett McDougall, special adviser to the Food and Agricultural Organization's Director-General Sir John Boyd Orr: An old-time South African fruit farmer, he transferred his affections to Australia. . . . For many years adviser to the Australian government and fighter for international coöperation on food farming problems at British Imperial Conferences and in the League of Nations.

Paul Hasluck has taken blunt-spoken Colonel Hodgson's place as Australia's representative on the Security Council. . . . He is round-faced, apple-cheeked, looks ten years younger than his forty and speaks with the force and clarity and good sense of twenty years older. . . . Definitely one of the up-and-coming men from down-under.

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formed to back price control. It is headed by George C. Hatch, who is also a member of the National Association of Manufacturers. In every case the business groups have insisted that the NAM speaks for only a minority.

Who this minority is has become a matter of intense concern in Washington, for the hidden few, whose names nowhere appear, is viewed as having moved in on government. Last fortnight Representative Donald L. O'Toole (D, N. Y.) wrote Brent Spence, chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, asking that Wason be recalled to the stand. Mr. O'Toole demanded that Congress find out how much the NAM has spent to defeat the OPA and where; whether any of the money has been concealed as expenses of individuals; and all the facts about relations with the press, including possible higher rates for advertising in papers with a "sympathetic" editorial policy.

BUT HOW the NAM operates and some facts about who operates it are not unknown in New York business circles. It so happens that the very frank and very private meeting of the Resolutions Committee on September 17, 1942, where NAM policies for the war period were decided, was published almost in its entirety by *New Masses*. Subsequent investigation of this leak showed that one of the top-rung participants in the meeting gave out the transcript, apparently in a gesture of criticism for the attitude of his colleagues. Another indication that the NAM is run by people and means other than those mentioned by Wason in his testimony is the fact that the powerful 25-member NAM executive Committee was not discussed. It is seldom discussed in NAM releases or statements. Nor is the fact that a few, dominant names always appear on this committee's rolls.

The recurrent names are Lammot duPont, chairman of the board of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company; W. B. Bell, president of American Cyanamid Company, of New York; J. Howard Pew, president of Sun Oil Company, of Philadelphia; H. W. Prentis Jr., president of Armstrong Cork Company, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania; C. S. Davis, president of Borg-Warner Corporation, of Chicago; Walter D. Fuller, president of Curtis Publishing Company, of Philadelphia.

The gist of the *New Masses* account of an actual meeting, in 1942, of these Olympians is the charge that the NAM is in fact run by one man, and that man is Lammot duPont. And, as a matter of fact, there appears to have been little change in NAM policy as then laid down by duPont.

In September, 1942, the war presented anything but a rosy picture. It worried some NAM members. But duPont easily resolved the issue they raised between patriotism and profits. "The way I view the issue is this," he is reported as saying. "Are there common denominators for winning the war and the peace? If there are, then we should deal with them both. What are they? We will win the war (a) by reducing taxes on corporations, high-income brackets, and increasing taxes on lower incomes; (b) by removing the unions from any power to tell industry how to produce, how to deal with employees, or anything else; (c) by destroying any and all government agencies that stand in the way of free enterprise. And we will win the peace by reducing taxes, setting unionism aside and wiping out superfluous government that restricts free enterprise." He also asked for an end to contract renegotiation and a $30-billion sales tax to put the burden of the war on the poor.

In response to a query from James H. Rand Jr., president of Remington-Rand Manufacturing Company, as to how this could be sold to the nation, duPont was frank. "I'll leave it to the public-relations talents to sweeten up the bitter pill—and as far as Washington is concerned the less sugar the better," he said. "Deal with the government and the rest of the squawkers the way you deal with a buyer in a seller's market. If the buyer wants to buy, he has to meet your price. Nineteen twenty-nine to 1942 was the buyer's market—we had to sell on their terms. But this is a seller's market. They want what we've got. Good. Make them pay the right price for it. The price isn't unfair or unreasonable. And if they don't like the price, why don't they think it over? . . . There isn't a college professor in Washington who can win this war. There isn't a labor leader in the country who can win this war. And the Russians and British can't win this war unless we produce. 'We' means us. In this room. War work must show profits—the more work, the more profits. That's what we mean."

THE ONLY eventuality Lammot duPont didn't figure on in the fall of 1942 was that by the spring of 1946 America would be well on the way to the full-production, full-employment economy so frequently discussed in wartime. Federal Reserve Board and Civilian Production Administration reports show that civilian production is now 69 percent higher than the average of the last five prewar years.

You might think this prosperity would please duPont, Bell, Pew *et al.* But it doesn't. It means that dreadful *nouveau-riche* upstarts are moving into Commercial Street. Henry Kaiser, who likes price control, is fast emerging as a businessman who may be as big as Lammot duPont himself. Every little war-born arms plant is being transformed into a factory making peacetime goods. Every little wartime millionaire—and a good many returning GI's—are going right on into peacetime prosperity as manufacturers. Lammot duPont doesn't like what this portends. Traditionally he is a monopolist, operating more effectively in an economy of low production and high unit profit. The top NAM echelon fears the competition of these newcomers.

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Taking the long view, the outlines of the NAM program for the country become clear. We have already passed our previous peacetime rate of production. This rate will continue to climb so long as we have greater income than there are equivalent goods to buy. The disparity between spendable income and available goods creates the illusion of "shortages." So long as these "shortages" continue, production will expand. But with rapid rises in prices there would be no so-called shortages. Then the process of restriction would begin. Ultimately the destitute would line up at factory gates for jobs. The duPonts would come into their own.

Under NAM philosophy this objective justifies whatever the propagandists have had to do, including NAM president Robert Wason's assurance to Congress that business was "unanimous" in asking for the end of price control. And it certainly justifies risking the destruction of the organization through defiance of majority rank-and-file opinion.

SOMETHING of the countryside workings of the NAM which so impressed Representative O'Toole were almost simultaneously revealed by one of his colleagues in the House. Representative Roy Clippinger also wrote a letter on congressional stationery about the NAM. But Representative Clippinger, whose voting record is 100-percent anti-OPA, wrote *to* the NAM. He wanted some money from the NAM. As publisher of a local paper in Carmi, Illinois, he wanted to be paid off. This is how he phrased his plea:

> As Chairman of Greater Weeklies Division of the American Press Association and as a publisher of one of the members of this outstanding group of the very best weekly newspapers in the country—the Carmi *Democrat-Tribune*, Carmi, Illinois—I want to express my keen disappointment in the omission of so many of our member newspapers from your recently released national advertising schedule. . . .
>
> These papers, and I also speak for my own at Carmi, have consistently backed up your programs and the principles for which the National Association of Manufacturers has stood. . . .
>
> The general opinion of our Greater Weeklies publishers seems to be that our advertising columns should be just as valuable to NAM as our news columns. We have given cheerfully of the latter because WE BELIEVED IN YOUR PROGRAM. Why, therefore, ignore us or merely grant us a token schedule by using only 150 weekly newspapers out of nearly 9,000 published in this country?
>
> We Greater Weeklies strongly urge that you contact our New York Office, 225 West 39th Street, and advise with our Manager, Mr. Graham, on revising your schedule relative to any future releases.

Trade journals in the field reported this incident and noted its conclusion—that 2,000 country weeklies were added to the NAM advertising list.

Other NAM methods have not been so foolishly transparent. The technique appears to be to infiltrate organizations with its propagandists and its point of view.

One of the "public-relations talent" whom duPont mentioned as so able to "sweeten the bitter pill" was Ed Sea. Mr. Sea has since gone to work as public-relations counsel to the American Legion. In moving on to another important organization with views parallel to those of the NAM, he followed a pattern that has often recurred. Henry Abt, another such counsel, went on to run the Brand Names Research Foundation, Inc., mentioned above. James P. Selvage left the NAM and went to work for the Republican National Committee. In all such cases there has been an identity in "line" between the NAM and the organizations to which it has sent graduate public-relations counsel.

The spiritual fellowship, at least, between the NAM and the National Retail Dry Goods Association has appeared in the case of one individual. He is Martin R. Gainsbrugh, chief economist of the National Industrial Conference Board. Many persons have been struck, over the years, by the singular parallelism between the views of the NICB and the NAM. The study used by the NRDGA in its presentations before Congress asking for an end to price controls last fall was prepared by Dr. Jules Backman of New York University with the assistance of Gainsbrugh—and both these anti-OPA economists appeared before Congress. The NRDGA was lucky, or something, in getting the services of Howard Smith (D, Va.) and his Smith Committee for a strictly anti-OPA exhibit and campaign. But Lew Hahn, NRDGA's paid spokesman, went so far in his stand against the OPA and his personal attacks upon Chester Bowles that he was reprimanded by his own membership.

THERE is no such evident connection between the NAM and the American Meat Institute and the National Association of Real Estate Boards, both of whom have fought the OPA and both of whom have appeared to coördinate their policies with the NAM's. But a strong element of irrationality in the activities of the spokesmen for these organizations might make a rational person think they are puppets pulled by invisible strings from somewhere. The American Meat Institute withdrew from a program of coöperation with the OPA last year, though it should have been to the advantage of its dominant packers to go along. And right now the NAM bases part of its appeal to the public on the full-page query, "Do you want MEAT and BUTTER?" The National Association of Real Estate Boards joined heavily in the fight to eliminate the controls upon building materials. This was successful. Over the vigorous protests of the OPA and the housing agencies of the government the Civilian Production Administration dropped controls on building materials. This halted construction, as was expected. Most of the organizations that had asked for controls to be removed were then compelled to come back and ask for their renewal. In such cases these organizations have fol-

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lowed the NAM line of sweeping away controls no matter what the risk to their own interests.

Naturally in this atmosphere it has been difficult for any business organization to take a pro-OPA stand. Many NAM members come to complain every day to the OPA that the NAM stand is not theirs and that they had not been consulted. But they don't want their names used—except the few hundred braver members who have signed up with the two business committees opposed to NAM policies.

Similarly, it has been difficult for business organizations to go on record with pro-OPA views. And there are few business journals which have come out clearly for price control. Even the general press, which always remembers its advertisers, finds it difficult to take a stand at variance with the NAM.

It is possibly in this field of propaganda that the NAM has been most successful. This goes all the way from the boilerplate and editorial material of hidden sponsorship mentioned in the letters of both Representatives quoted above, to a strong influence on the policy-making level of many important newspapers.

While the fight against price control is chiefly a fight to prevent the arrival of an economy of abundance, it has also developed personal overtones. The NAM probably took a malicious delight in naming Benton and Bowles as its advertising agency—though its executive committee of course must have known that Chester Bowles was no longer connected with it. The embarrassing alliance has caused Bowles to write three successive letters to his former associates asking that his name be withdrawn. They have taken no action.

The Ship-Charter Scandal

"Operation Plunder," Third Instalment

by Allen Bernard

On the eve of World War II our merchant fleet, despite the expenditure of more than $300 million in public funds during the previous 20 years, was inadequate for our peacetime needs, let alone the exigencies of war. As the impending global conflict drew close, the United States Maritime Commission began a long-range program designed to replace over-age cargo and passenger vessels with new and faster ships at the rate of 50 units per year. This program was scarcely under way when the war began.

In September, 1939, when the Nazis marched into Poland, President Roosevelt issued his proclamation of limited national emergency. The Merchant Marine Act of 1936 stipulates that during a national emergency the government may requisition, for title or for hire, any vessel owned by a citizen of the United States. Section 902(a) provides for the payment of "just compensation" for all requisitioned ships, but declares specifically: "In no case shall the value of the property taken or used be deemed enhanced by the causes necessitating the taking or use."

The Maritime Commission, in General Order No. 24 had set up a formula which is valid under the 1936 Act in determining the amount of compensation to be paid the owners of requisitioned subsidized vessels: cost to owner, plus cost of improvements, minus depreciation at the rate of five percent per year. At the end of 20 years—the normal economic life of a vessel—it is considered as having a residual, or scrap, value amounting to 2.5 percent of its construction cost. This is the value of such vessels as carried on the owners' books.

The definition of "just compensation" in the case of unsubsidized vessels is not so clear. We have shown in previous articles that many of these ships originally were purchased from the government at remarkably low prices, and that the shipping companies owed a major part of their capital to generous prewar government subsidy. In view of these facts, and since the war itself undoubtedly was the cause "necessitating the taking or use" of these vessels, it is the opinion of many government officials that the book-value of ships as determined in GO No. 24 should have been applied equally to *all* American vessels, unsubsidized as well as subsidized, that were requisitioned for title or for charter during the emergency. The shipowners obviously did not intend to turn over their vessels to the government at mere investment value, emergency or no emergency. The President's proclamation marked the birth of a plan to evade the "no-enhancement" clause of the 1936 Merchant Marine Act. If it were given a military designation, this plan might be known as "Operation Plunder."

Its objectives were two: business as usual during the war, and huge wartime profits at public expense.

It was a maneuver carried out by a small but well trained body of selfish interests against the people.

This is the third of a series of articles by Allen Bernard. Mr. Bernard has had long experience on newspapers and magazines in New York and in Mexico City, where he was publisher of an English-language newspaper. At present a free-lance writer in New York, he has for many years been interested in the problems of the merchant marine.

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As we shall see, the operation proved eminently successful.

THE FIRST OBSTACLE in the way of this ambitious operation was the Maritime Commission, charged with the administration of the 1936 Merchant Marine Act. Had the USMC enforced the letter and spirit of the Act, and had it requisitioned for title all vessels under Section 902, the shipowners' maneuver would have failed, and the government would have saved billions of dollars.

Under the influence of the shipping lobby, however, the USMC yielded, and agreed to requisition for hire rather than for title. Altogether, some 1,350 ships were chartered during the war; only 360 were taken for title, and 99 of these latter were trade-ins on new war-built vessels, which subsequently were also chartered by the Commission. Of some 200 subsidized vessels, only 38 actually were taken for title. In a future article we shall investigate the prices paid for these vessels.

The charters were of two kinds:

1. *The bare-boat contracts*, in which the government paid all expenses, plus a fixed fee for use of the vessel. The USMC paid as much as $65 per ton for short-term use of some of the same vessels which the government had sold after World War I for from $5 to $15 per ton.

2. *The time charters*, under which the owners paid certain operating expenses such as wages, subsistence, etc., and the government paid the balance. The USMC paid as high as $60,000 per month—$720,000 per year—in time-charter hire for vessels with a book value of less than $50,000. Charter rates on some of the larger vessels ran as high as $3,360 a day.

In addition to charter hire, every shipping company that operated one or more vessels on charter for the government received extra compensation as an operating agent. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1943, there were 65 such agents operating 1,339 vessels. That year alone they received the following payments from the Treasury:

Charter hire	$439,239,594
Agents' commissions	35,811,566
Total	$475,051,160

Typical of the bare-boat contracts were the scandalous "Red Sea" charters.

On March 11, 1941, the Lend-Lease Act became law. The British army, hard-pressed in Egypt, immediately arranged for a large consignment of United States lend-lease war materials to the vital Red Sea area. Lacking the vessels necessary to carry these supplies, the British Ministry of War Transport asked the USMC to furnish the ships from its pool. In April and May of that year the USMC approved the terms of 81 bare-boat charters, providing for a total of 90 round-trip voyages, the fees to be paid from lend-lease funds.

The average round-trip voyage lasted 186 days. Total charter hire paid was $31,364,880, *on which the favored owners made a net profit of $26,874,176*. In addition they received about $16 million in revenue on return cargo.

Below are the pertinent details of this amazing transaction, as shown in the *Congressional Record*. It will be noted that the profit to the owners, from this single operation, lasting little more than six months, was more than 2.7 times the book valuation of all the vessels employed (including an estimate of the unavailable values):

	No. ships	No. trips	Book value of vessels	Charter hire paid	Net profit to owners
American Export Lines	6	6	$ 232,350	$1,724,918	$1,572,144
American Foreign SS Corp.	2	2	895,974	634,116	481,128
American-Hawaiian SS Co.	10	10	478,532	3,565,674	3,096,749
American President Lines	2	3	307,828	1,181,643	814,242
Atlas Trading Corp.	1	1	?	261,405	57,624
Boyd, Weir and Sewell, Inc.	1	1	?	374,812	385,588 [3]
[1] Calmar SS Corp.	7	8	695,237	2,967,669	2,639,989
[2] Isthmian SS Co.	6	7	1,589,581	2,554,540	2,529,292
Luckenbach SS Co.	10	12	1,426,857	4,608,456	3,879,729
Lykes Bros. SS Co.	4	4	187,208	1,370,440	1,318,493
Matson Navigation Co	4	4	238,779	1,301,901	995,390
McCormick SS Co.	2	3	146,065	942,641	743,516
R. A. Nicol, agent	6	6	?	2,066,206	1,662,681
Norwegian Shpg. & Trade Mission	1	1	?	418,967	367,230
Shepard SS Co.	1	2	167,465	621,513	498,554
Sudden and Christenson	1	1	?	374,664	270,835
Union Sulphur Co.	1	2	?	571,808	364,558
Waterman SS Corp.	12	12	855,800 [4]	4,004,987	3,733,193
Weyerhaeuser SS Co	4	5	1,037,189	1,818,511	1,463,232
Totals	81	90	$8,256,000	$31,364,880	$26,874,176

[1] Owned by the Bethlehem Steel Corp.
[2] Owned by U. S. Steel Corp.
[3] Includes profit on return cargo
[4] Value of one vessel not available.

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In a memorandum to Admiral Emory Land, chairman of the USMC, the Comptroller General of the United States pointed out that 64 of these vessels, formerly owned by the government, had been sold to their owners many years before for $15,480,458. Their depreciated value in 1941 was $5,157,777. Yet on this one contract these ships brought their owners a profit of $20,917,067—*more than 135 percent on their original investment.*

Under fire by several members of Congress who took up the Comptroller General's protest, the USMC admitted that these charter fees were exorbitant and asked the companies involved for a rebate. After some delay the American President Lines (90 percent owned by the USMC) returned $100,000 and the Weyerhaeuser Steamship Company, $210,000. The 17 other owners flatly refused to make any refund, on the grounds that the money came from lend-lease funds and therefore the contracts were not renegotiable.

Oscar S. Cox, counsel to the Lend-Lease Administration, has advised the USMC that, in his opinion, these contracts should be renegotiated. Despite this opinion, the government to date has been unable to collect further rebate from any of the companies.

ITS DISMAL experience with the "Red Sea" charters notwithstanding, the UMSC continued throughout the war its policy of chartering vessels at exorbitant hire instead of using its powers under Section 902 of the 1936 Act to requisition them for title.

From July 4, 1941, to December 31, 1942, a total of 1,200 vessels were chartered. Of these, 758 were 20 or more years old. The book value of these 758 ships was only $37,900,000. The USMC paid out $199,767,162 in charter hire on these ships during the above period—an excess charge to the taxpayers of almost $162 million in 18 months.

Representative Richard Wigglesworth of Massachusetts introduced into the *Congressional Record* a list of some of the companies benefited by these charters, and a comparison of the fees paid with the book values of the vessels employed during this 18-month period:

Company	Estimated charter hire	Book values (GO 24)
American President Line	$3,193,539	$3,064,402
Waterman SS Corp.	5,763,855	774,443
American Export Lines	2,128,638	237,961
Alcoa SS Co.	3,010,539	561,273
Luckenbach SS Co.	7,461,248	425,926
Lykes Bros. SS Co.	5,250,014	863,737
Grace Line	4,021,182	6,568,667
Matson Navigation Co.	5,145,925	6,027,793
United States Lines	1,124,737	7,136,481
Total	$37,099,681	$23,660,684

On February 7, 1942, the War Shipping Administration was created by executive order to take over the purchase, charter, insurance and other wartime functions of the USMC. Admiral Land, chairman of the USMC, was also appointed WSA Administrator. Under his direction the WSA continued the same benevolent policy toward the shipowners.

Some idea of the full cost to the taxpayer, during the entire period of the war, of the USMC and WSA charter policies may be gained from the following figures read into the *Congressional Record* by Representative Henry M. Jackson of Washington. The full table cites 62 vessels, with a total book value of $2,400,161, which, up to April 1, 1945, earned $76,153,323 in charter fees. Here are a few vessels on that list:

Vessel	Book value	No. months chartered	Charter hire paid
Alabaman	$53,500	41	$1,746,108
American Trader	42,158	35	1,788,500
Arizonan	43,685	36	1,670,400
Carolinian	52,213	38	1,617,204
Georgian	43,300	38	1,763,200
Hawaiian	60,200	39	1,611,675
Horace Luckenbach	54,860	37	1,732,081
Jefferson Myers	51,100	36	1,695,600
Kansan	29,100	38	1,570,350
Mahimahi	48,800	38	1,611,200
Maliko	61,300	36	1,549,152
Mokihana	49,130	38	1,611,200
Susan V. Luckenbach	67,340	39	1,924,600

The 62 charters involved represent the squandering of nearly $74 million in public funds. There were more than 1,340 such vessels chartered during the war. Multiply the loss on the above 62 vessels by 20, and you will have an approximation of the excess cost to the nation of the wartime charter policies of the USMC and the WSA—*nearly a billion and a half dollars!*

Even that figure would be conservative. It does not include the enormous fees received by the shipping companies for "services" as operating agents of their own vessels. It does not include the ships' resale value in the postwar market, which would have accrued to the government had they been taken for title. And it does not include the enormous cost of reconditioning chartered vessels before returning them to the owners, an obligation written into every contract by the USMC.

APOLOGISTS for large profits in a "free-enterprise" system always make a great point of the "risks" taken by invested capital. The shipping companies took no risks whatever during the war. The only risk entailed was to the seamen who manned these vessels. The shipowners were amply protected by government insurance.

Some of the vessels lost were insured for as high as 64 times their book values, Senator George Aiken of Vermont told Congress. He sardonically added: "Many of the vessels were of greater value to the shipowners after they hit the bottom of the ocean than they were before."

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Obsolete ships, sold by the government after World War I at from $5 to $15 a ton, were insured for as high as $100 per ton at the start of World War II, regardless of book value, condition, depreciation or even original cost to the owners.

By the end of the war, 570 large American merchant vessels had been lost to enemy action. And by March 31, 1945, their owners had collected $217,149,435 in total-loss insurance from the government, with an additional $50,101,234 in payments outstanding.

CASE HISTORY OF 33 SHIPS LOST DURING THE WAR

Company and Vessel	Year Built	Year Bought from Govt.	Price Paid to Govt.	Year Sunk	Book Value (GO 24)	Insurance Paid
AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES						
President Coolidge	1931	1931	$5,333,334	1942	$2,440,356	$ 7,000,000
President Grant	1921	1924	550,000	1944	105,788	1,265,280[1]
President Taylor	"	"	550,000	1942	107,717	1,260,960[1]
			$6,433,334		$2,653,861	$ 9,526,240
WATERMAN SS CORP.						
Andrew Jackson	1920	1940	$ 96,000	1942	$ 38,191	$ 168,855
Antinous	"	1929	86,436	"	40,775	772,000
Bellingham	"	1928	87,864	"	48,970	72,310
Hastings	"	1929	76,842	1943	42,205	771,967
La Salle	"	—	—	1942	43,275	149,514
Maiden Creek	1919	1929	74,425	1944	47,040	2,778,604
Topa Topa	1920	"	75,294	1942	48,439	757,206
Wacosta	"	"	79,366	"	36,736	86,525
Warrior	"	—	—	"	40,772	961,725
West Medaket	1918	1929	77,157	1943	47,596	642,975
Yaka	1920	"	79,236	1942	36,834	744,928
			$ 732,620		$ 470,833	$ 7,906,609
AMERICAN EXPORT LINES						
Examelia	1920	1925	$ 58,800	1942	$ 36,576	$ 600,750
Excello	1919	"	58,687	"	42,705	600,750
Executive	1920	"	58,687	1943	35,041	600,000
Exmouth	"	"	58,687	"	35,613	450,000
			$ 234,861		$ 149,935	$ 2,251,500
LUCKENBACH SS. CO.						
Andrea Luckenbach	1919	—	—	1943	$ 68,192	$ 1,289,970
Harry Luckenbach	"	—	—	"	78,805	1,035,810
Mary Luckenbach	"	—	—	1942	52,870	680,000
Matthew Luckenbach	1918	—	—	1943	71,129	856,500
					$ 270,996	$ 3,862,280
LYKES BROS. SS. CO.						
City of Joliet	1920	1933	$ 49,205	1942	$ 50,835	$ 218,000
Cripple Creek	1919	"	48,535	"	47,543	728,250
Effingham	"	1932	48,470	"	48,020	727,050
Hybert	1920	1933	49,205	"	75,083	279,000
Nashaba	1921	"	46,745	1945	46,996	525,937[1]
Scottsburg	1919	—	—	1942	55,065	918,675
Syros	1920	1933	49,205	"	50,029	398,000
Tillie Lykes	"	—	—	"	22,412	293,300
Velma Lykes	"	—	—	"	22,457	293,300
			$ 291,365		$ 418,440	$ 4,381,512
GRACE LINE						
Santa Elena	1933	—	—	1943	$1,406,000	$ 4,350,000
Susan B. Anthony	1930	—	—	1944	1,346,449	2,525,000
					$2,752,449	$ 6,875,000
Grand total					$6,716,514	$34,803,141

[1] Payment still outstanding as of March 31, 1945.

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So outrageous were many of these payments that the Comptroller General of the United States held up claims totaling more than $85 million on 162 vessels, and notified Congress of his action.

The case history on the preceding page of 33 vessels lost at sea between 1942 and 1945 shows how the USMC and the WSA complied with this ruling.

The government, under the 1936 Merchant Marine Act, could have acquired these 33 vessels at a total cost of less than $7 million. *Instead, the USMC and the WSA chose to charter them, paying the owners more than $10 million in charter hire and then, when they sank, another $34.8 million in insurance.*

It will be noted that the four vessels of the American Export Line had been purchased from the government in 1925. Eighteen years later, after these ships had brought the company millions of dollars in subsidies and commercial revenue, the company received nearly ten times the original cost from the government in settlement for their loss.

BETTER to illustrate the pyramiding cost to the taxpayer of subsidy piled on subsidy, of generous charter fees climaxed by excessive insurance, let us examine the amazing career of one vessel on the list, the *SS Effingham.*

Built by the government during World War I, sold to the Lykes Brothers Steamship Company in 1932 and sunk while under charter in 1942, the total cost to the government of this one vessel was as follows:

Construction cost (1919)	$1,966,849
Mail subsidy (1933-37)	247,000
Operating subsidy (1937-40)	139,000
Red Sea charter hire (1941)	326,300
Insurance paid on loss (1942)	727,050
Total paid by government	$3,406,199
Price paid by Lykes Bros.	48,470
Total loss to taxpayers	$3,357,729

In little more than nine years of operation this vessel brought its owners a return of $1,439,350 on an original investment of less than $49,000—*about 2,971 percent.* And this represents only the receipts from the government; commercial revenues earned by the *Effingham* in these years would greatly increase the above percentage of profit.

There were many ships like the *Effingham* in our wartime merchant marine.

Jackson and Literature

by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

The history of the pre-Civil War period has been written in the main by historians in the Whig-Republican tradition. These authors have enfeebled the grand energies of our democratic past by misrepresenting the leading figures in Jackson's administration and belittling their policies. Their work has also had the unfortunate effect of devitalizing our literary traditions—of reshaping the virile writers of the thirties and forties into characters out of the genteel tradition of the last part of the century. The participation in politics of writers, actors, artists and intellectuals was not another un-American achievement of the New Deal, as some contemporary commentators profess to think. It was, on the contrary, a return to a bolder and richer tradition when men like Whitman, Cooper, Bryant, Hawthorne, Whittier, Irving, Brownson, Bancroft and Paulding took direct part in the political battles of their day.

HISTORIANS of revolution describe a phenomenon they have named the "desertion of the intellectuals." This is the stage in society when the artists, the writers, the intellectuals in general, no longer find enough sustenance in the established order to feel much loyalty to it. They are filled with a pervading sense at once of alienation and of longing, which, one way or another, controls their work, directly if they are political writers, obliquely and at many removes if they are poets. The age of Jackson was such a period. One world was passing away, while another struggled to be born, and the political battles of the Jacksonians helped set in motion a whole train of changes in other spheres. "The strife has been of a character to call forth all the resources of the popular intelligence," Theodore Sedgwick Jr. wrote in 1835. ". . . It has urged forward the whole American mind."

Not all writers were politically active, not even all those possessed by visions of a new world. Some, like Emerson and Thoreau, preoccupied most profoundly with the questions raised up by the change, spent years quietly ignoring politics. But, even with such important exceptions, it is yet remarkable how many of the leading authors and artists publicly aligned themselves with the Jacksonian Party. Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Cullen Bryant, Walt Whitman, James Fenimore

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Cooper, George Bancroft, Washington Irving (until the pressure became too great), James K. Paulding, Orestes A. Brownson, William Leggett, John L. O'Sullivan, John L. Stephens, Horatio Greenough, Hiram Powers, Edwin Forrest, Frances Wright, Robert Dale Owen, for example, were all Jacksonians. As Harriet Martineau observed, the Democratic Party included the underprivileged classes, the careerists, the humanitarians and "an accession small in number, but inestimable in power—the men of genius."

The Democrats were exceedingly proud of their intellectuals. "It is a fact well known," boasted the Boston *Post*, "that with few exceptions, our first literary men belong to the democratic party. Almost every man of note in letters—historians, poets, and indeed nearly all who have acquired fame as writers and authors are, as might be expected, favorable to democracy." Van Buren himself offered government jobs to Bancroft, Hawthorne, Irving, Paulding, Brownson and Leggett. Even Whigs complained that the word "Locofoco" ought to be used as the "synonyme of ignorance; and yet that party certainly numbers amongst its leaders some celebrated literary characters."

Many of the authors regarded a position of political liberalism as an artistic imperative. They felt that the Whigs cared only to preserve the tame, reliable and derivative culture of which men like Everett and Longfellow were faithful representatives. The only future for a powerful native literature, dealing fearlessly in truth and reality, seemed to lie in a bold exploration of the possibilities of democracy. "The vital principle of an American national literature," declared the *Democratic Review*, "must be democracy." "The man of letters," as George Bancroft told Everett, "should be the man of the people," and his own monumental *History* revealed how a living faith in the people could quicken, unify and transmute into art a narrative which had heretofore been but dry chronicles. Orestes A. Brownson was even more specific. The question of capital and labor seemed to him supreme: "In the struggle of the two elements, true American literature will be born."

A FIRST REQUISITE for a literature is a medium for publication. The respectable magazines—the *North American*, the *American Quarterly*, *the New-England Magazine* and so on—were in Whig hands, and during the eighteen-thirties the need for a monthly journal of liberal sympathies became increasingly pronounced. At this juncture a bright young man named John L. O'Sullivan, who had been running a small newspaper in Washington, appeared with the project of a Democratic review.

O'Sullivan was descended from a long line of picaresque Irishmen whose actual careers remain buried in legend. Having been graduated from Columbia in 1831, he began a life of free-lance journalism. He was a charming, gay and rather indolent man, with a sanguine temperament, often disappointed but rarely depressed. Nathaniel Hawthorne, while feeling him to be superficial, very much enjoyed his company, and a sterner nature like Thoreau thought him "puny-looking" and overtalkative but still one of the "not-bad." O'Sullivan's sister (handsome enough to provoke even Emerson to enthusiastic comment) had married another young writer named S. D. Langtree, and together in 1837 the two approached Benjamin F. Butler with the proposal of a Democratic literary magazine.

Butler, who was given to cultural dabbling and even wrote verse for publication, took fire at the idea, subscribed five hundred dollars himself and urged other Democratic politicians to aid in financing the *Democratic Review*. Henry D. Gilpin also took an active part in the search for backing. Jackson, who had long hoped for such a journal, encouraged the project and became the first subscriber. During the summer the editors approached writers the country over, and in October a preliminary number appeared, with contributions by Bryant, Hawthorne, Whittier and others. (When Langtree applied to John Quincy Adams, the old man testily replied that literature by its nature would always be aristocratic, and that the idea of a Democratic literary magazine was self-contradictory.)

WHATEVER O'Sullivan's failings, he was an excellent editor. He was assiduous in seeking out new talent, and he quickly made the *Democratic Review* the liveliest journal of the day. His authors included Bryant, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Whittier, Walt Whitman, Poe, Longfellow, Lowell, Paulding, William Gilmore Simms, Bancroft, Brownson, A. H. Everett and many more. Politically the magazine aligned itself vigorously with the radical wing of the party. The *Madisonian* described it as "a sort of political hygroscope, indicating the state of the air breathed in the party councils of the ruling dynasty," and even men like Marcy regarded it as an "organ of the administration." There is no evidence, however, that Van Buren used the *Democratic Review* for trial balloons, and in the end the magazine left Washington when Blair's jealousy denied it a share of the government printing. It resumed publication in New York and remained under O'Sullivan's control till 1846. Its circulation in 1843 was 3,500.

In the meantime Orestes Brownson had provided the liberals with another organ in his *Boston Quarterly Review*. The concurrence of motives behind this journal showed the wide front of the cultural revolt. His object, Brownson said, was to support the new movement in all its manifestations, "whether it be effecting a reform in the Church, giving us a purer and more rational theology; in philosophy seeking something profounder and more inspiring than the heartless Sensualism of the last century; or whether in society

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demanding the elevation of labor with the Locofoco, or the freedom of the slave with the Abolitionist."

The *Boston Quarterly* thus became a compendium of the desertion of the intellectuals, defending in detail the repudiation of the old order in religion, philosophy and politics. Not only Bancroft and A. H. Everett but George Ripley and Theodore Parker, Bronson Alcott and Margaret Fuller were essential in Brownson's broad purpose. To him the fight was all one, though later the political motive grew more dominant, and it almost seemed, as Brownson told Van Buren, that the review was established "for the purpose of enlisting Literature, Religion, and Philosophy on the side of Democracy." Less bright and varied than the *Democratic Review*, the *Boston Quarterly* was more learned, serious and penetrating. Brownson's personality pervaded the journal—he became increasingly the exclusive author—and he endowed it with a vigor and cogency which commanded wide attention.

In 1842 the *Democratic Review* and the *Boston Quarterly* merged, but not before each had left a distinct mark on the development of American letters. Each journal, on its own level, was the best of its day, and both gained much of their energy, courage and free vigor from their immersion in the political ideals of Jacksonian democracy.

THE TRANSCENDENTALISTS of Massachusetts constituted the one important literary group never much impressed by Jacksonian democracy. This immunity was all the more singular because for two occasional members, George Bancroft and Orestes A. Brownson, the relations between transcendentalism and democracy seemed close and vital. The Jacksonians, in the minds of Bancroft and Brownson, were carrying on the same revolt against the dead hand of John Locke in politics which the transcendentalists were carrying on in religion. Both Democrat and transcendentalist agreed in asserting the rights of the free mind against the pretensions of precedents or institutions. Both shared a living faith in the integrity and perfectibility of man. Both proclaimed self-reliance. Both detested special groups claiming authority to mediate between the common man and the truth.

Yet, for all the inspiration some Democrats found in transcendentalism, the transcendentalists remained singularly unmoved by the exertions of the Democrats. From their book-lined studies or their shady walks in cool Concord woods, they found the hullabaloo of party politics unedifying and vulgar. The rebuke of Nature was crushing: "So hot? my little Sir." Life was short, and much better to contemplate verities and vibrate to that iron spring than to make commitments to practicality. A political party, like society itself, was a joint-stock company, in which the members agreed, for the better securing of bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. "The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion."

But for the typical transcendentalist the flinching from politics perhaps expressed a failure they were seeking to erect into a virtue. The exigencies of responsibility were exhausting: much better to demand perfection and indignantly reject the half loaf, than wear out body and spirit in vain grapplings with overmastering reality. The headlong escape into perfection left responsibility far behind for a magic domain where mystic sentiment and gnomic utterance exorcised the rude intrusions of the world. But it was easier to rule the state from Concord than from Washington. And the state had to be ruled, it was the implacable vacuum: if Bronson Alcott preferred Fruitlands, he was not to complain when James K. Polk preferred the White House.

THE OVERSOUL thus comforted the tender transcendentalists, while the tough mowed the hay and raked the dirt at Brook Farm. But beyond the transcendentalists, accepting their inspiration but safe from their illusions, was Emerson, the wisest man of the day. He was too concretely aware of the complexities of experience to be altogether consoled by vagueness and reverie. He acknowledged the claims of the Democratic Party expounded so ardently by Bancroft and Brownson. "The philosopher, the poet, or the religious man, will, of course, wish to cast his vote with the democrat, for free trade, for wide suffrage, for the abolition of legal cruelties in the penal code, and for facilitating in every manner the access of the young and the poor to the sources of wealth and power." He recognized, too, the inevitable drift of transcendentalism toward the democratic position. The first lecture of his series in 1839 on the "Present Age" was reported by Theodore Parker as "*Democratic-locofoco* throughout, and very much in the spirit of Brownson's article on Democracy and Reform in the last *Quarterly*." Bancroft left "in ecstasies . . . rapt beyond vision at the *locofocoism*," and one Boston conservative could only growl that Emerson must be angling for a place in the Custom House.

Yet Emerson would go no farther. "Of the two great parties, which, at this hour, almost share the nation between them," he would lamely conclude, "I should say, that one has the best cause, and the other contains the best men." This would have provided no excuse for inaction, even if it were true, for a man of Emersonian principle should follow his principle; but it was not even true.

Fundamentally he did not care, and thus he was betrayed, almost without struggle, into the clichés of conservatism which had surrounded him from birth. In a flash of insight he could see that "banks and tariffs, the newspaper and caucus" were "flat and dull to dull people, but rest on the same foundations of wonder as

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the town of Troy, and the temple of Delphos." Yet, in life at Concord, day in, day out, banks and tariffs were flat and dull to him. As he glanced at party contests, he was most impressed by "the meanness of our politics."

Of all the New England group who shunned political choice, Thoreau alone lived at a degree of moral tension which imposed responsibilities equivalent to those borne by men who sought to govern. For him the moral life admitted but one possibility: the complete assumption of all responsibility by the individual. The highest good, said Thoreau, was the living unity of the ethical consciousness and its direct, solid expression in art and life.

In practice he achieved the goal best by a deliberate reduction of life to its essentials—a cabin by blue Walden, blackberries in the summer, the indomitable woodchuck, the wild, sweet song of the evening robin, the geese flying low over the woods, the last blaze of sun in the west. But he could not dwell forever at Walden; he had other lives to live; and he returned to society, now fulfilling his singleness of feeling by fusing his superb style till the words, as he said, fell like boulders across the page. Back in the world again, he was face to face with the enemies of the moral life: the new industrialism, which would deform the moral self, and the state, which would corrupt it. In society people lived in quiet desperation, sick at heart, their integrity menaced, clouded and compromised. The only man worth having, thought Thoreau, was the man of principle, and he was worth any expense to the state.

IF THOREAU said Nay to the claims of democracy, Walt Whitman sent back the thunderous affirmation, echoing off the rooftops of the world. Twenty-one in the year of Tippecanoe, Whitman was already up to his neck in radical Democratic politics. In a year he would be speaking at a huge party mass meeting and contributing to the *Democratic Review*. In 1846 he would become editor of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, and while in Brooklyn serve on the Democratic General Committee and the Fourth of July Celebration Committee.

Brooklyn knew him as Walter Whitman, an amiable and relaxed young man, with a ruddy, pleasant face and a short beard, wandering indolently through the bustling streets with an easy word for everyone, from merchant to cartman. After his stint for the *Eagle* he would go down to Gray's Swimming Bath at the foot of Fulton Street and lounge for twenty minutes in the water. Then the office boy would give him a shower, and he would take the evening ferry back to New York through the dying sunset.

These were days of quiet immersion in the flood of experience which would later sweep aside the conventions of verse to achieve their own expression, poignant, tender, gusty, barbaric, incoherent and magnificent. He drank in not just the sea gulls, floating high in the air on motionless wings, their bodies lit up glistening yellow by the setting sun, not just the men and women on the street, "the blab of the pave, tires of carts, sluff of boot-soles, talk of the promenaders." He drank in the feelings of the people themselves, their anxieties, hopes, aspirations.

For Whitman none of the doubts of Thoreau. For him only a vigorous acceptance and mastery of the democratic opportunity. "To attack the turbulence and destructiveness of the Democratic spirit," he said, "is an old story. . . . Why, all that is good and grand in any political organization in the world, is the result of this turbulence and destructiveness; and controlled by the intelligence and common sense of such a people as the Americans, it never has brought harm, and never can."

Politics a noisy show, unworthy of the attention of serious men? "It is the fashion of a certain set to assume to despise 'politics' . . . they look at the fierce struggle, and at the battle of principles and candidates, and their weak nerves retreat dismayed from the neighborhood of such scenes of convulsion. But to our view, the spectacle is always a grand one—full of the most august and sublime attributes."

The enthusiasm of democracy an evil? "All the noisy tempestuous scenes of politics witnessed in this country—all the excitement and strife, even—are *good* to behold. They evince that the *people act*; they are the discipline of the young giant, getting his maturer strength."

Is democracy then perfect? Let no one be distracted by detail. "We know, well enough, that the workings of Democracy are not always justifiable, in every trivial point. But the great winds that purify the air, without which nature would flag into ruin—are they to be condemned because a tree is prostrated here and there, in their course?"

Through the blast of Whitman's prose sounded the answer to Thoreau. Man, he affirmed, could have a relation of moral significance to the state, so long as the state was truly the expression of the popular will and the best in man. Perfection? No, for the state, like the people which created it, had failings and flaws. (Whitman, unlike Thoreau, had a certain sympathy for imperfections.) Belief in the people should not be discouraged by trivialities or weakened by petty disappointments. In the greatness of his faith in the people Whitman could not but declare his faith in the possibilities of democratic government.

(To be concluded.)

This is the ninth of ten instalments—30,000 words in all—from The Age of Jackson *(Little, Brown), condensed with the approval of the author, who has added some new material further to point up the many parallels between our own times and those of a century ago.*—THE EDITORS

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Make Mine Muzak

"MAKE MINE MUSIC" is a program of ten shorts designed by Walt Disney for eighty-three minutes of frothy entertainment, done in a boyish spirit that won't sit well even with the cupids on theatre ceilings. There is no particular tie between the shorts, so that at their end you'll probably wait around for a feature-length movie which you may or may not get, depending on your luck. Each cartoon is based on the very lightest type of music, the average weight being "Roll Along, Blue Bayou," with background singing, recitation or playing by famous people like Nelson Eddy and Benny Goodman, some of whom have tied up most of their careers with music that was lighter than their talents warranted. Half of the cartoons are dreamy fantasies using tango rhythm, realistic subject matter like everglades, cranes, cirrus clouds, Ballet Russe dancers all looking extremely pallid; the pace throughout is sickly. The other acts are in Disney's traditional comic style, somewhat less imaginative and carefree than his average.

In "Casey at the Bat" there is some wonderful satire on rattling the pitcher and peppering the ball around the infield; "Peter and the Wolf" has two animal characters with beautiful souls, one of which—a nervous bird—moves, thinks and feels in the highly integrated way of the best Disney animals; Disney's skill with cutting and animation keeps the story of the Goodman "All the Cats Join In" moving at an inspired clip; every now and then there is a sequence like the drunken hillbilly's take-off down a hill done with a whimsicality no other Hollywood cartoonists achieve. This Disney, though, is choked almost to death by a bad taste that combines callowness and syrupy sweetness.

The only act that halfway earns the title of fantasy—the one concerned with a whale shaped like a Hoover vacuum cleaner, who has a miraculous, three-register voice and a yen to sing at the Met—is constantly embarrassing, even in its funnier moments. When Willie is first spotted at sea sunning himself, singing "Short'nin' Bread" to a school of porpoise, his hail-fellow-well-met voice is cute, but the singing, supplied by Nelson Eddy, is so unblushingly in the style of Nelson Eddy rather than as Willie might sing it that you feel (1) sorry for Willie, who loses his character as a whale, and (2) that Nelson Eddy is taking advantage of the occasion to show what a whale of a singer he is. The porpoise beat time in a good rocking rhythm, aping revival-meeting Negroes, but their manner makes you ill at ease because it is a white-man's notion of the way Negroes act (just as the first cartoon is based solidly on a phony popular attitude about hillbillies). The shot of sea gulls idling at the top of the Met transfixed by Willie's singing is inspired, but having the people underneath covering their heads with programs is a hoary, embarrassing gag. There are a thousand sticky moments in this short: Willie singing to a packed house of angels; the repeated views of the uvulas in Willie's throat, Eddy's eulogy about what a miracle Willie's and/or Eddy's voice is.

The color and drawing in "Make Mine Music," as in all of the Disney cartoons, are in a bon-bon mode and will satisfy the people who do the printing on wedding cakes, those who invented Mother's Day, the people who write their names with a flurry and end them with flounces and curlicues, those who design theatre interiors, think a James Hilton novel is the way life should be and sometimes is, and dream up the production numbers at the Music Hall. Typical examples of the Disney madness for lollypop color are the Easter-egg uniforms that the Mudville players wear in "Casey at the Bat," the butterscotch backgrounds that are used in most of the shorts, the silvery cottage the last of the Coys and Martins call home, the chi-chi valentines that open each act—the Disney people instinctively turn everything to prettiness, whether or not the purpose is to make a gag on toughness. In lollypop art, forms are made large, full, ovular, as though they were particularly good to eat, and they are finished off so perfectly you feel you can pick them off the screen. To make such forms calls for an artist who is happy, optimistic and uncomplicated beyond belief. Disney drawing is always done with a smile, apes conventional notions of what a shaggy tree looks like, a curtained window, and is made up of one fancy-pants curve after another—even Mickey is a repetition of simple curves that could be produced only by the most blissful taste.

Disney lets himself go into syrupy art more in this movie than the people who select the serious art sold at Kress's. The high moments for this come in "Ballade Ballet" when the two dancers, Lichine and Riabouchinska, make like a seesaw on each end of which sits a cupid, and the closing episode in which the cupids embrace, slowly writhe around, and finally come to rest in the shape of a heart.

MANNY FARBER

Light from the South Seas

ANYONE who wanted the strongest of contrasts could have received it recently, by entering the Museum of Modern Art, in New York, where an exhibition of the art of the South Seas was on display. Whether he approached those galleries after coming up on the escalator of the subway just across the street, or whether he had walked along Fifth Avenue glancing at the clothing, gadgets, books and other wares in the shops as he passed the grand architectural ensemble of Radio City, he must have been struck by the fact that he had left behind him a sophisticated civilization and had entered a realm where the mind we designate as savage expresses itself with overwhelming force.

The old races of America did so too, and in what is now our country, and we are coming to realize the greatness of this ancestral art. The Modern Museum showed it magnificently in its American Indian exhibition, and the ones devoted to the ancient Mexicans and the Africans were also—like the recent show—real triumphs of selection and presentation. Even so, some people may resent the idea that our time can be indebted to men at the stage of barbarism. But glance back at some other ancestors, those to whom we owe most: the Greeks. Only a few centuries before their civilization reached the perfections that no subsequent time has surpassed, the Aegean men at Crete, for example, were consulting the earth, the sea and the sky quite in the manner of the South Seas men; and the monsters, the expression and the design of the classical

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countries, in their early time, run astonishingly parallel with those of the modern savages.

And so, turning from contrast to likeness, imagine our visitor entering the recent show after seeing one of the greatest of the Metropolitan Museum's treasures: the group of Etruscan sculptures so nearly unique in the world. Let him compare the warrior's head there with the monumental mask from New Britain at the South Seas show: the likeness of the two is no less than startling, and not alone in externals but in the essential conceptions of sculpture which underlie the two arts.

Here there is, and can be, of course, no remotest question of influence from one art on the other. A case where such a question is possible presented itself at the Modern Museum as one noted the striking similarity between the painting of the bark house-front from New Guinea and certain works by Picasso. Parisian artists of the modern type were frequent visitors at the Trocadero, where France's collections of the exotic arts were displayed. But if Picasso got a strong hint for certain forms in his work from the Pacific peoples, his genius is still his own. We have known for a long time what the great sculptures of Africa meant to the earlier twentieth century—and the colossal head from Easter Island is probably as impressive as any African work. (If you think this is because of its size, look again at the small wood carving of a man's head from the Sepic River region in New Guinea. It is of the purest sculptural quality, to which the dance masks from the same source add marvels of color.)

And so we are confronted once more by the mystery of art. How does it arise and how does it disappear? There is not much of it in the gadgets and clothing we noticed on Fifth Avenue or, alas, in most of the books in the shop windows there. The escalator of the subway is better; its form was created in response to a need. That is the reason, also, for those expressions of the South Seas: whether in things of daily use, like a *poi* bowl or a paddle, or whether as ceremonial objects, they bespeak a sense of the infiniteness of the world, its terror, its magic and its beauty.

So strong is our impression of these things as we leave the Modern Museum that we are tempted for a moment to imagine that only the primitives have the secret of great art. But then we think of a *Plus Ultra*, a going beyond the primitives, when our minds revert quickly to those later Greeks who developed from the early masterpieces of the Aegean. And we remember that Leonardo and Raphael, who knew the Greeks, added something to even the greatest art of the past. Rubens and Rembrandt did not lose heart because of the illustrious men before them and, returning to the Modern Museum, we remind ourselves that our time, with Cézanne and Seurat, Matisse and Picasso, has successfully confronted the mystery of art. Perhaps it is not mere patriotism to say that our country has followed their example in the architecture of Radio City.

WALTER PACH

This exhibition, which has just closed in New York, will be shown in Worcester, Massachusetts, and other towns throughout the country. Readers should consult their local newspapers for information about the show in their vicinity. — THE EDITORS

The Bandwagon

STALIN SEEN AIMING TO DIVIDE UP WORLD BETWEEN RUSSIA AND U. S.
His Long-Range Policy Is Said to Point Toward 'Liquidating' the British Empire and Thereby Dominating All Europe, Asia and Africa

RUSSIA IS BELIEVED RENOUNCING ITS AMBITIONS IN MEDITERRANEAN
Moves at Paris Parley Indicate a Curtailment of Expansionist Aim in Hope Security Need Can Be Met by Easing Suspicions of the West

— *Headings on the column by Joseph and Stewart Alsop and on that of George Fielding Eliot, same page, same day, in the New York* Herald Tribune.

One of Boston's 16 new constables, appointed by Mayor Curley and confirmed by the City Council, is Frank J. Moriarty, 33, now on parole from a 34 to 44½-year state prison sentence for a series of armed robberies and jail breaks, one of which was accomplished by assault with a dangerous weapon. His long criminal record extends back to when he was 10 years old. — *From the Boston* Traveler.

In response to thousands of requests from Air Forces personnel for the special supplementary AAF discharge button, Brigadier General Leon W. Johnson, chief of Personnel Services Division, announced today that the AAF, in keeping with War Department policy, has discontinued issuing the buttons. — *From a War Department press release.*

The Governor [Edward Martin of Pennsylvania] said the picture of Pew, Grundy and other party fund-raisers lunching with the rank-and-filers was illustrative of "what makes America great." — *From a story about a Republican luncheon, in the Philadelphia* Record.

On the Home Front

Shall we help the Communists to crucify Christian Spain? Shall we, the American people, sit idly by while our State Department supinely follows the Party Line from the headquarters of Red Fascism? Shall we, the greatest nation on earth, deliberately turn our backs on the ideals and hopes for which millions of American boys fought so gallantly on the battle-fields of the world? Shall we, misled by lying propaganda, deliberately invite the return of anarchy, torture, murder and destruction to a peaceful, God-fearing nation? What kind of people are we? — *From an advertisement of the Missouri State Council of the Knights of Columbus, in the St. Louis* Globe-Democrat.

Some Fun, Eh Kid?

Womrath recommends "The Snake Pit," by Mary Jane Ward. Surprisingly charming, humorous story of a year in an insane asylum! — *From a Womrath advertisement in the New York* Times.

That All-Out Effort

The paper shortage has caused the *Press Democrat* to drop its editorial page for the first time in eighty-nine years. Advertising also was rationed. — *AP dispatch from Santa Rosa, California.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* — THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

Progressives and Communists

SIR: Mr. James Loeb has brought into the open[1] an issue which has smoldered in the walls of the liberal house for a number of years. Now if ever is the time to catch the incipient fire before it breaks into actual flame and devours the entire progressive movement.

The issue resolves itself into one simple question: Do liberal democrats and communists in the long run want the same things? It is no answer to say that they hold particular ideals of economic justice in common; nor is it an answer to say that they agree on certain short-run economic goals. There is no such thing as an economic man. Man, even at his most primitive, is a valuing animal, and the things he values are infinitely more complex than a particular arrangement of economic patterns. Economic goals which are wholly desirable in one context can be extremely undesirable in another. It would be possible for instance, by granting the existence of a solely economic man, to develop the following syllogism: Full employment is a good thing; Nazi Germany maintained full employment; Nazi Germany was a good thing. It is patently ridiculous to abstract any economic goal from the total frame of human society. It is not sufficient in America to say that we want full employment, minimum wages, social security, national health or adequate housing. These things are desirable *only* in the central context of a society of free and individually valued human beings. Slaves had minimum wages in terms of their physical survival; prisoners have social security and guaranteed medical attention.

This is not to say that economic reforms are not desperately needed; they are. It is to say that they are needed in a particular context of freedom for the whole man. It is here that liberal democrats and communists part company. The split is so fundamental that coöperation between the two at any level of domestic reform must be eschewed; first because you cannot use the devil without the risk of Faustian consequences; second, because communism in this country is generally regarded as an alien symbol and is therefore the kiss of death for any progressive movement that is trying to build its political strength. It has been argued that the use of communist help in remedying specific economic abuses in America will have no dire consequences because the achievement of the specific economic goals will in itself strengthen political freedom and make the call of the communist siren less appealing. This myth underestimates the enormity of the social malaise from which we are suffering. If total economic security were a fact in the United States today, this would only in small measure limit the basic psychological insecurity and frustrations concomitant to dully repetitive occupational functions and a value-confused society. It is not the unemployed who form the KKK's and Silver Shirts, or who fill the temples of corrupt religious evangelists. Economic security must be combined with a passionate revival of faith in spiritual man, in cultural man, in creative man, in tolerant man, if we are to save our society; and this revival cannot take place without the maintenance of free political and social institutions and the encouragement of coöperative local community life. All this is a long-term business, and the communists, who are obviously as interested in the extension of Soviet power as they are in economic justice, will have plenty of opportunity to peddle their false gods and gain a dangerous number of adherents while freedom steers its rough but promising course. If there were any assurance that the communists were interested solely in economic justice, liberals could welcome their support with enthusiasm. But since the communists are concerned with economic justice *regardless of other democratic values*, and are also concerned with the political power of the Soviet Union, there is no point of common action with American liberals in domestic affairs.

Mr. Loeb is right. It is now that American liberals have got to choose sides. This does not mean an anti-Soviet foreign policy as long as Russia is willing to work within the frame of the United Nations; it does not mean that American liberals should condone or encourage reactionary and imperialistic tendencies in the United States or Britain. It does mean a recognition that freedom is a precious thing and that those who neither want it nor understand it should have no part in the shaping of American destiny.

STEPHEN K. BAILEY

Washington, D. C.

SIR: I wish to add my most hearty support to James Loeb's letter in the May 13 issue. . . . There is an abysmal ignorance among non-active liberals, the kind that help only by their votes, of the true nature of communism in this country. The attitude that if a man's ideas are good, his party affiliations and tactics are not important, is as widespread as it is simple-minded.

STEPHEN P. TAYLOR

Washington, D. C.

[1] Mr. Loeb, in a letter in the May 13 issue of the *New Republic*, argued that American progressives should not coöperate, in an organizational way, with the Communists. — THE EDITORS

From The New Republic Mail Bag

M. Seidler writes from New York, "I wish I could share Mr. Fishbein's optimism regarding the Army Information and Education program (Correspondence, the *New Republic*, April 22). Mr. Seidler says that "the program is carried out without enthusiasm from the highest echelon down to the lowest. It is almost universally regarded as an inspection piece—eyewash, they call it. On the lowest echelon, where it means most, it is regarded as a waste of time and energy, a drudge to be avoided. . . . The program is a failure because it lacks qualified personnel to carry it out." Mr. Seidler also claims that I&E discussions do not concern themselves with complaints against army routine at all.

Carl Van Doren, writing on behalf of the Committee of 100, "dedicated to the creation of an America of justice and equality for our Negro fellow citizens," asks for contributions from our readers to enable the legal staff of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to provide bail and legal defense for the Negroes who have been unjustly imprisoned in the Columbia, Tennessee, riots. He writes that "Two Negroes . . . are dead, several wounded, an unknown number severely beaten by police officers and more than 110 arrested to date. At least 31 Negroes face trumped-up criminal charges, including 18 charged with 'assault to commit murder,' as a result of the nation's most serious race riot since 1943. The victims . . . have already been indicted by an all-white grand jury. Meanwhile, a press blackout prevents the news of the white man's violence against his Negro brother from reaching decent Americans throughout the nation." The address of the Committee is 20 West Fortieth Street, New York 18.

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The German Literary Scene

WOLFGANG LANGHOFF—the famous author of the first book about a concentration camp, *Die Moorsoldaten*, who returned from Switzerland and became theatre-superintendent in Düsseldorf—writes in a letter to friends abroad: "Organizational beginnings for the coöperation of democratic groups and parties exist, but the mentality necessary for such collaboration does not exist for the time being. There is much activity in founding publishing houses, newspapers, theatres—which are always sold out—and other enterprises. But there is no clarity about the basis on which these new creations are to be built. It will require more time to change human beings than to build houses."

This general confusion was symbolized by the first and only important literary discussion in Germany during the past year. It consisted in the almost unanimous criticism of Thomas Mann's open letter to Walter von Molo, the former president of the German Dichterakademie, in which Mann gave the reasons for his decision not to return to Germany. Most German authors excoriated their famous colleague for "deserting" them. But among those who publicly denounced Mann were numerous writers who had hitherto worked with the Nazis. This fact alone justifies Mann's saying that he could not live at ease among people who had participated in the Nazi crimes.

FINDING THEMSELVES without an internationally known leader, authors living in the Russian zone tried to find a substitute. Johannes R. Becher, the lyric poet—who, like the dramatist Friedrich Wolf, the novelists Theodor Plivier, Adam Scharrer and others, had returned to Berlin from exile in Moscow—traveled to Agnetendorf to see the 83-year-old dramatist, Gerhard Hauptmann, who had called Hitler "the greatest German since Luther." It is characteristic of this "politics of search" for an only partly discredited name that the same circles invited conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler to come to Berlin with the explanation that "the German people needs its masters."

It is understandable that those writers who now seek to participate in Germany's cultural life are anxious to justify their attitude during the Nazi regime. But while they realize the need for justification, they are far from admitting their guilt. It was the novelist Frank Thiess who invented the slogan of "inner emigration," which attempted to put the men who remained in Germany on an equal basis with those who fled abroad. The slogan was picked up by writers like Hans Fallada and Ernst Glaeser, the author of *Class of 1902*, who was permitted to give, under American patronage, an address at the reopening of the Heidelberg city theatre. Since the fact became known that he had returned from a short exile in Switzerland with the explicit consent of Goebbels' propaganda ministry, he has been prohibited from making further speeches.

All the members of this "inner-emigration" group now claim that they were involved in the plot against Hitler. Among them is the powerful writer, Ernst Jünger, who, before 1933, exerted a tremendous influence on German youth. During the Hitler regime he wrote a novel, *Die Marmorklippen*, which, under the guise of mythology, seemed to be an attack on Hitler. In an interview recently published in the French review, *Terre des Hommes*, he declared that at the time he wrote it Hitler didn't even enter his mind. In this connection Jünger defined German intellectuals of today: "They hardly meditate. They are like Charles Chaplin when he has received a strong blow on his head and reels."

Among the older writers who had kept silent under Hitler was the Rhenish dramatist, Herbert Eulenberg. He has now finished his rebellious *Till Eulenspiegel*, which he began during the Nazi dictatorship. The eminent Bernhard Kellermann, who for twelve years had lived in a little room in Frankfort (Main), resisting all Nazi seductions, has now reappeared in public life. Among these courageous writers also belongs Ernst Wiechert, once characterized as a "blood-and-soil" writer and considered by the Nazis one of their own. But he broke with them at an early date in his famous "Address to the Students." He was then thrown into Buchenwald because of his intervention on behalf of Pastor Niemöller. Although definitely anti-Hitler, he belongs to the old-time nationalist school. He recently published an anti-Nazi book, *Im Totenwald*.

In contrast to the absence of initiative on the part of writers, publishers are astonishingly active. In Greater Hesse and Württemberg-Baden the Allies have authorized no less than 56 publishing ventures. In the western part of the American zone 89 books, with an average sale of 5,000, have been published. In Munich, the well known houses of Kunstverlag Piper, Zinnenverlag and Verlag Michael Beckstein have been licensed. New firms have also sprung up in Würzburg, Augsburg, Starhemberg and other Bavarian towns. The internationally known house of Rohwolt, which once specialized in translations of American authors, is doing business in Stuttgart. In Berlin's American sector the old firms of Axel Junker and K. H. Hensel are again active. In their lists are a novel about the Spanish civil war by Eduard Claudius and translations of Pearl S. Buck and Ernest Hemingway. But books about art, new editions of German classics and standard philosophical works predominate. Paper and printing presses are scarce. Erika Mann has rightly complained that not a single book by authors who were published abroad during the Hitler regime can be found in a German book store or library.

So far, the only German author of reputation to return to Germany from America is the novelist Alfred Döblin, who will edit a magazine in the French occupation zone. Others to return under AMG auspices are Carl Zuckmayer, one of the foremost German playwrights, and the Austrian novelist, Ernst Lothar. They are to supervise theatrical activities in the American zones of Germany and Austria, respectively. The first work of an exiled German printed under American auspices is a long novel by Fritz von Unruh. It deals with Paris under Hitler and has the tentative title, *Der Nie Verlor*. Oskar Maria Graf's novel, *Das Leben Meiner Mutter*, is also soon to be published.

Magazines are scarce. The only important one is *Aufbau*, published in New York (and not to be confused with the New York weekly of the same name). It is published by the Cultural League for a Democratic Renaissance, and prints writers of all political leanings, though former Moscow exiles predominate. Symptomatic of the combination of admission of guilt and love of country are the following verses from Johannes R. Becher's poem "Heimkehr":

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So beuge ich mich und nehme Schuld auf mich.
Zu spät, Deutschland, habe ich gebangt um Dich.
In der Verbannung erst, im Fernesein,
Ward ich der Deine ganz—für immer Dein
O Deutschland! Schlag' von Deutschlands Fluch Dich frei,
Dass ich Dich segnen kann: Gesegnet sei!

Such admissions of guilt are rare. They appear most frequently in the speeches of university professors like the historian Friedrich Meinecke or the philosopher Karl Jaspers. The *Neue Deutsche Presse* occasionally touches on the question of guilt, but it is most strongly emphasized in the *Neue Zeitung*, the organ of the American Military Government, which has a circulation of 1,200,000. Until recently its editors were Major Hans Habe *(A Thousand Shall Fall)* and Captain Hans Wallenberg, a former German newspaperman. Journalistic star of the paper is Erich Kästner, the well known satirist and author of *Emil und die Detective*. During the Nazi period Goebbels vainly tried to persuade Kästner to edit a magazine attacking the German literary emigration to Switzerland.

For experienced newspaper readers, many of the 120-odd papers published in the various occupation zones seem more like textbooks, because their editors have to explain the most elementary concepts of democracy, justice and international politics to readers who for a dozen years have lived in an intellectual prison.

MANFRED GEORGE

Books in Review

Work in Regress

THERE ARE CERTAIN obvious and severe criticisms that must be made of James T. Farrell as a novelist—his tin ear, his clumsiness and prolixity, cannot, even under the kindest regard, escape indictment. The longer he writes, the more serious these faults become. Not that there isn't some improvement in *Bernard Clare*[1]; but that such faults should at all persist after so many years has become, with time, the greatest fault, which no amount of improvement seems likely ever to overcome.

But these are obvious criticisms and have been made many times. A new one that must now apparently be made, and it's rare for so direct a naturalist, is that with the publication of *Bernard Clare*, the first volume of what promises to be at least a trilogy, Farrell has taken to writing by second intention. Bernard Clare's ambition is to become a writer; he breaks away from his family in Chicago and comes to New York at the age of 21 with this purpose uppermost in mind. Farrell therefore must write about writing and about the desire to write; but so much of his writing passes without objective result into Bernard's ambition that it is questionable if his own (Farrell's) is really fulfilled. But this point must be held in abeyance until the succeeding volumes appear, for it may be that in the completed work a balance will have been approached between writing as a theme and preoccupation unto itself, which it must necessarily be among young or, as Bernard says, "apprentice," writers, and writing as a thing of direct translation to an objective imaginative creation.

It is curious that this problem should crop up so late in Farrell's career, in reverse of the usual order. His earlier novels, particularly the Studs Lonigan books, were entirely free of the deflective concern with writing; the thing written about was directly approached, and never again set down so successfully. The autobiographical form that he began to work in with the Danny O'Neill books of course introduced the literary preoccupation (and also set going a slow change in his style from the racy, slangy original to the "prose" manner that deprived his language of much of its flavor; there is some effort in the present book to reach a literary idiom); but whereas Danny O'Neill had a solid reality of family and friends to advance his characterization, Bernard Clare is, for the most part, conceived only with reference to his one great desire, and much of the writing that could have been spent in endowing him with the complex inner life that a writer must have, is wasted in talking about things that can well be taken for granted.

But whatever criticisms are made of Farrell, there are always some points to which one returns in praise of his work. Chief of these is that he is an honest writer. I do not dispute this, but I should like to record the observation of a friend of mine, Seymour Krim, that the honesty which is attributed to Farrell is a virtue of necessity. Honesty is a poor man's virtue; either we don't value it enough, or we assume it as a matter of course, but when a writer offers us a rich work, of many excellent qualities, honesty—no matter to what degree it may be present—is usually the last thing we comment on. In the case of Farrell, it is the first.

There are other such virtues in his work. There are certainly sympathy and understanding, and the qualities that he has as a naturalist: verisimilitude, documentary detail and a grasp of the natural man. Nor should it be forgotten that he has a sense of narrative movement which from time to time achieves some very powerful effects. Now all of these qualities may be on a par with honesty, in so far as their mere presence can be taken for granted in good works of fiction. Their presence is striking only when they are embodied in a work to a preëminent degree. In Farrell's fiction, passage by passage, the good qualities may hardly be felt; their effect is cumulative and their increment slow. There is nothing immediate, no sudden fusion of object and emotion that makes us say of certain episodes that they compress in themselves all of an author's life and gift. Farrell's is an additive rather than intuitive process; but his strength lies in the fact that his episodes do add up.

There is a good deal of sympathy in *Bernard Clare*—sympathy for Bernard himself, for his colleagues among the cigar and advertising salesmen, for Eva, the woman

[1] Bernard Clare, by James T. Farrell. New York: The Vanguard Press. 367 pages. $2.75.

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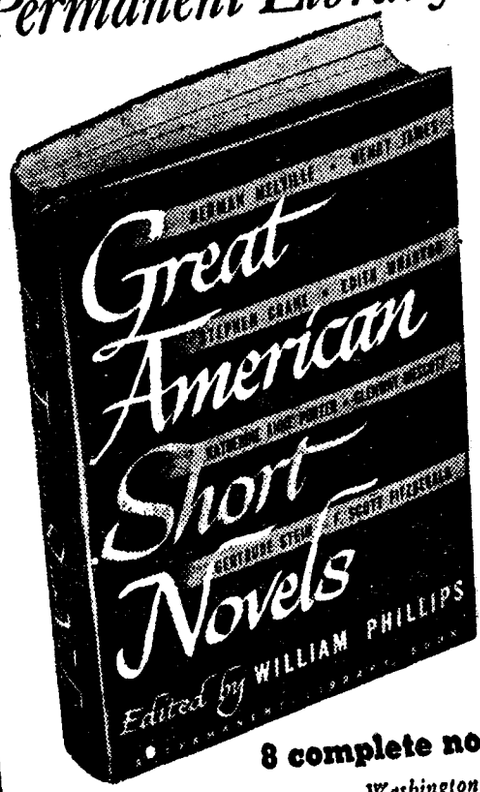

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with whom he has his first serious affair. It is the sort of sympathy that can express itself negatively and that can survive the banality of the occasions on which it is called forth. Bernard's efforts at writing, his need of a woman, his poverty, his boredom and frustration at the cigar counter, where he works for a spell, are in the direct sympathy of the author and are straightforward applications to the reader for a similar response. These sections of the novel are not nearly as successful as the ones in which Bernard's appeal is negative and Farrell's attitude toward him is roundabout.

When Bernard makes good as a salesman of advertising space for Monahan's *Blue Book* (Donnelly's *Red Book*) and feels his oats a bit, he is conscience-stricken at his success and his easy compromise with Babbitry. In his Greenwich Village affair with Eva, a married woman and a mother, seven years older than he, Bernard is cast in the role of the immature lover, whose childishness is obvious to everyone but himself. After the affair is ended by the husband's discovery of the two in bed—rather a genre piece and again no great scene in itself—Bernard moves to the YMCA, where he bullies the sincere young moral athletes, declares himself a candidate for the gutter, throws up his job and drinks heavily. In the last scene of the book he breaks up a Village party by getting disgustingly drunk, smashing bottles and threatening to smash heads and, stupefied, has to be brought home in a cab.

All of this puts Farrell's method at a greater advantage, for with Bernard as an uneasy, self-contradictory success in the business world, sentimentally, naïvely and ridiculously in love and even more naïvely and ridiculously heartbroken when he loses his mistress, his desires and ideals are implied by contrast with the reality, rather than baldly stated, at the cost, not infrequently, of Farrell's own poise. So long as the commitment is all Bernard's, the author manages to remain detached from him and avoid the more embarrassing moments of unsolicited autobiography. For which reason, detachment is the *sine qua non* of all autobiographical naturalism, and its sympathy is the most warm when seemingly the coldest. Sympathy must be crossed with irony when the author himself is the subject of it. There are very few open avenues of comment and evaluation that naturalism can follow even at its broadest; when it is restricted to autobiography, irony and negative inversion are preordained.

But there is no suppleness in Farrell's irony. It does not play back and forth between meanings well established in the narrative and their deliberate reduction; and it cannot do so, for no meaning is well established. You look for evidence of Bernard's literary sensibility and find only the desire to write, itself crudely expressed. Bernard's desire is therefore in an exposed position—a position in which the irony of having him revert to brutishness backfires, and suggests, with nothing to contradict it, that the reduction is the true level.

One may ask, why the restriction, why the limitation to self, when naturalism can take empires for its subject? And why, in particular, this restriction after the self and its experience have been well-nigh exhausted in the creation of more objective works? The fact is that Farrell works backward, back from Studs and McGinty and their environment, to the consciousness that enabled him to write about

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them. Bernard Clare wonders if he will ever have the courage to write about himself. Farrell's courage is not in question—but unless the volumes that are to follow Bernard Clare broaden out both in the center and from the center, his stature as a novelist must diminish.

ISAAC ROSENFELD

O'Hara in Omnibus

Here's O'Hara, by John O'Hara. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 440 pages. $3.

UNDER the forthright but rather self-consciously hearty title of *Here's O'Hara*, his publishers have gathered together twenty-three miscellaneous works by the author of *Appointment in Samarra*, written over the course of some fourteen years. The volume contains one long novel, *Butterfield 8*, the shorter novel, *Hope of Heaven*, the "Pal Joey" series, the long story called "The Doctor's Son," nineteen shorter stories and a brief introduction in which Mr. O'Hara disclaims responsibility for both the name of the book and the selection of its contents and takes his customary poke at Edmund Wilson. Although some of his best work is missing and the slipshod quality of the proofreading suggests that the publishers, possibly as a tribute to their writer, turned the job over to Pal Joey, *Here's O'Hara* has the great virtue of providing, not only a lot of excellent reading, but a good chance to check up again on one of the most arresting and significant talents in contemporary American writing.

Being an impatient and impetuous man, John O'Hara has a violent scorn for critics, perhaps because he used to be one himself. Even when they are enthusiastically disposed toward his works, he regards them with cold suspicion; but I suppose that it is those who keep emphasizing the scientific accuracy of his eye and ear who currently bore him the most. Nevertheless, it is impossible, on re-reading these stories, not to return to his unerring skill in setting down with complete precision the way his characters talk and move and behave. The reviewer for the *Commonweal* who said that "you have the sense not of hearing his people speak but of overhearing them," made a sound point. The cheerless human insects he is given to observing always seem to be captured when their guards are down, when they are so unprotected against intrusion that it is a little embarrassing to find yourself prying. The O'Hara precision is as notable as the O'Hara scientific candor.

In an article that was nominally a review of the Scott Fitzgerald book, *The Crack-Up*, Mr. O'Hara once wrote that he disliked critics because they resembled cops with nightsticks, for whom he also expressed disapproval. Therefore, it is ironically worth remembering that when he himself was a critic he was one of the most relentless of nightstick-wielders and that George Abbott, who produced the brilliant musical-comedy version of "Pal Joey," has probably not yet got over the shock he suffered when O'Hara, going back to see his own show after there had been a few changes in the cast, vigorously warned his readers to stay away from it.

The point in bringing up such an episode from the author's past is that this is just the sort of cold, quietly savage and completely unsparing quality that he also gets into his social

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Two world wars have been started by the hatreds generated in nationality conflicts of east-central Europe. In 1914, a few pistol shots fired by a fanatical youth in distant Sarajevo set Europe ablaze, while the truculence of Germans in Sudetenland provided Hitler with the excuse for the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia; which in turn led inexorably to the Second World War. On each occasion most Americans felt secure in their isolation, and showed little concern about national squabbles in remote parts of the world. Yet Americans who had not heard of Sarajevo or the Jugoslavs, and who could not locate the Sudetenland on the map, have twice become embroiled in war. If we are to have security, the way must be found to harmonize economic unity with the legitimate claims of nationalities and minorities in east-central Europe, a task which can be undertaken only when the peculiar nature of nationalism in that region is understood.

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criticism, and that gives his particular contemplation of a world of empty, lecherous and predatory metropolitan vermin its special air of impersonal ferocity. It isn't moral indignation, crusading zeal, intellectual scorn or esthetic distaste that seems to be directing this sardonic probing into men and manners. It is merely that his skill as a reporter of human conduct, his insight as an objective critic of human motives and his technical mastery as a writer combine with a certain detached, unsentimental disapproval of the generality of mankind, and the natural resultant of all these forces and characteristics is that he emerges as a major American moralist, almost in spite of himself.

When *Butterfield 8* and *Hope of Heaven* first appeared, their somewhat itemized preoccupation with the details, rather than the emotions, of sex relations caused many reviewers to accuse the author of a determination to be sensational. That he did have upon occasion a propensity for relishing frankness of language for its own sake seems likely, but a rereading of the two novels—the former eleven years later—indicates pretty clearly that he must be absolved of such a charge. In both works the sex details do appear a little excessive and, for all their immense readability, the impression remains that an important author and a distinguished talent are in considerable need of a story worthy of them, but there can be no disputing the honesty, insight, bitter social criticism and brilliant observation of American manners that have gone into them. For all its faults, *Butterfield 8* has become, with the passing of years, a historical novel that is a chastening chronicle of the Speakeasy Age, without any of the usual romantic nostalgia.

Because his coldly scientific probing into society and morals often seems callous to the point of brutality, it is worth recalling that, however rarely he gets around to it, O'Hara is capable of tenderness. If only for that important reminder, "The Doctor's Son" would deserve reprinting here. This semi-autobiographical episode seems to me now, as it did when I first read it, one of the finest of its author's works, a simple, warm and honest narrative that achieves an emotional quality of real sensitivity. As for the "Pal Joey" letters, they remain an unpleasantly impressive portrait of a characteristic night-club heel and they now have the added value of bringing back welcome memories of the musical show that was based upon them and for which O'Hara wrote one of the few musical-comedy books that could well stand alone.

As a writer of introductions Mr. O'Hara is a particularly cantankerous fellow, but his brief foreword to *Here's O'Hara* contains a minimum of brawls, and has a few interesting points to make. It is, as he says, odd that he has written so little about the Irish in America, considering both his distinctly Irish ancestry and the fact that Irish Americans would seem to fit into his social pattern with colorful if not necessarily flattering vehemence. His explanation that it is because he finds their conduct too predictable represents, I suspect, the afore-mentioned cantankerousness, rather than a convincing explanation. Many other matters might well be brought up in contemplating *Here's O'Hara*, but the important thing about the collection is the incontrovertible evidence it offers that its author, despite his limiting of his field of observation and his occasional tendency to omit story-telling altogether, has made himself a first-rate critic of manners.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

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That Last Refuge

The Roots of American Loyalty, by Merle Curti. New York: The Columbia University Press. 267 pages. $3.

AMERICANS talk hopefully nowadays of "one world," but they still live under the national-state system with its heritage of patriotic loyalties. This excellent historical study of American patriotism is an invaluable contribution to the symptomatology of our times.

Well aware that patriotic literature brings us into the twilight regions of the intellect, Professor Curti has wisely made his study of patriotic themes crisp and compact, and has given us a brief but comprehensive account of the ways in which private interests have been rationalized in terms of the public good. Professor Curti considers Thorstein Veblen the most acute analyst of patriotism, and *The Roots of American Loyalty* can be taken as a creative documentation of some Veblenian views of the national-state system.

In objective reality a citizen is assimilated to "his" national state. Subjectively, however, the state is commonly assimilated to him. Competitive society produces a pervasive sense of inferiority and frustration which seeks appeasement in some external source of prestige. The impulses produced by these private feelings men unconsciously discharge in public activity and political ideologies. When they identify themselves with the nation, they also identify the nation with themselves, and thus take on, as a sort of psychic appendage, a part of its grandeur. As one of Professor Curti's pre-Civil War writers put it, "The state is a part of one's personal self." An exchange of patriotic sentiments thus operates as an exercise in mutual glorification by proxy of the national state. From the standpoint of the individual this elemental sort of gratification may have some therapeutic effect, but from the standpoint of the nation as a community it only serves as the groundwork of a system of mutual damage and defeat.

Sectional, local and class interests, as Professor Curti demonstrates in detail, also identify themselves with the national interest. But the process goes further. National interest, in turn, is equated with divine Providence, at the cost of rendering Providence provincial and of erecting such monuments to collective megalomania as the notion of Manifest Destiny. Once a system of national loyalty has been formed, it grows automatically, because every interest invokes patriotic symbols. This cumulative process tends to get out of hand, but it is counterbalanced from time to time by popular reaction to the excesses of war. In peacetime the nations indulge themselves, though certainly not on an orgiastic scale, in the luxury of pacifism. (Pacifists also call themselves patriots; but it is the more militant or "professional" patriots who have most successfully captured the efficient symbols of loyalty.)

Patriotism is not merely a positive sentiment of loyalty. It is also, and perhaps even primarily, a negative sentiment of alienation. Fear, hate, suspicion and contempt, though not necessarily present in the patriotic ideal, are vital ingredients of patriotism as it actually functions. Vested interests in particular have placed a high domestic value on fearful solidarity with respect to the outside world. The arch-Federalist, Fisher Ames, for example, alarmed at Thomas Jefferson's election in 1800, wrote to Rufus King:

"There will be another world war..."

"IF the nations of the world do not concert the method by which to prevent it."

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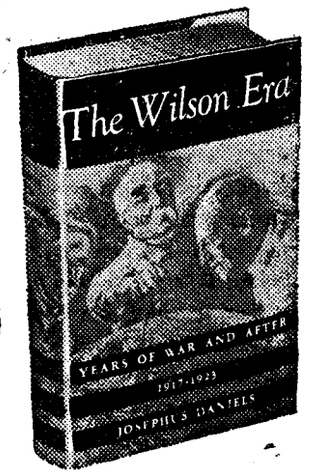

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"We need, *as all nations do*, the compression on the outside of our circle of a formidable neighbor, whose presence shall at all times excite stronger fears than demagogues can inspire the people with towards their government."

American nationalism originated in just such an alienation from England, and for more than a century anti-British feeling was the chief nursing-ground of national tradition. Since the decline of Anglophobia at the close of the nineteenth century, the United States has lacked a suitable consistent object of patriotic animosity, although Germany has certainly played a fitful part. Russia now looms as her potential successor, and the United States seems well on its way toward performing for the first time in history the same function in the Russian scheme of things. It is doubtful whether any clash of material interests, in the narrower sense, is more difficult to reconcile than it is to persuade men to yield these serviceable habits of mutual suspicion; for to abandon them would be subversive not only of normal and calculable international relations but of domestic relations as well. How can men of good will break into this cycle of vested interest, partisan solidarity, mutual suspicion and military preparedness? If they are to avert ultimate intercontinental warfare between Property and Bureaucracy, what recourse have they, short of an international revolution in class structures, social institutions and patterns of thinking?

RICHARD HOFSTADTER

Phallacy

The Psychoanalytic Theory of Neurosis, by Otto Fenichel. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 703 pages. $7.50.

ON THE OCCASION of his annual report, the president of the Rockefeller Foundation stated recently: "Fear, hate, guilt and aggressiveness, so clearly demonstrated by the disintegrated personality, are the same forces which bring about the disintegration of human society." Such a statement draws attention to the importance of the scientific understanding of neurotic behavior and the degree to which this science is developed at present. It also suggests the opposite question: How much does the disintegration of human society contribute to the disintegration of the personality?

Fenichel's book, *The Psychoanalytic Theory of Neurosis*, is an excellent compendium of psychoanalysis which summarizes a great deal of psychoanalytic literature. Such a serious book on theory is welcome in a field where empiricism is so prevalent. It represents a horizontal cross-section of psychoanalytic knowledge and at the same time, by virtue of its very full bibliography, traces the line of development of psychoanalysis.

Critical study of the contents of Fenichel's book reveals that in recent times psychoanalytic writers have contributed less and less that is new or valid. And there becomes evident, further, a rather disturbing static element caused by a somewhat rigid dogmatism—not so much of doctrine as of school.

A sieve can be shaken only so long before it gets empty. And in the field of psychoanalysis the contradictions of reality can be so detached from their social matrix that they become merely abstract and logical conflicts of a fictitious individuality in splendid isolation. Actually, the problems of the individual are in closest relation to and inseparable from social phenomena and their historical development. In Fenichel's book little note is taken of the tremendous changes and conflicts that have been going on in the world for almost the past half-century, with their impact on the "fear, hate, guilt and aggressiveness" of the individual. He considers the weighty problem of selecting the right hat ("A schizophrenic episode began with a patient's despair over the fact that a new hat did not fit"), but is far removed from the very real fears, worries and conflicts that trouble the mass of patients now streaming daily in and out of the nation's clinics. In psychoanalytic literature, as in the stories of Sherlock Holmes, the period is always 1895.

It is to a large extent this a-historical, or actually anti-historical, aspect of old-school psychoanalysis which explains the vogue of such technical books. Whereas many writers and poets have come to grips with naked social reality, too many psychoanalysts have planted their couches in the penthouse of an ivory tower. A technical book like Fenichel's, viewed as general reading for the public, is, therefore, really escapist literature. It accepts the evils of the existing social order as if they were inevitable, or even overlooks them altogether.

In many places in this book the argument runs up against social facts; but they are hardly ever acknowledged as such and are never elaborated. Indeed, the author, consciously or unconsciously, minimizes or ignores those developments of psychoanalysis which have the clearest social implications. In his discussion of the compulsive neurosis, for example, the complex of shattered authority—an im-

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portant aspect often at the root of this disorder—is omitted, though it is just this complex which needs emphasis and further scientific study in relation to modern problems. Instead, the author stresses such details as anal eroticism.

It is a facile complaint against psychoanalysis that it exaggerates sex. But the sexual factor can no more be exaggerated than can economic laws or atomic fission. The error that can be made is to use sex as a dynamic explanation for events which belong to a totally different chain of cause and effect. Take, for example, cruelty, which does not appear at all in Fenichel's index, whereas "sadism" has many entries. We have still not digested the unheard-of mass cruelty of the last few years; but to use sadism and cruelty as synonymous terms amounts to a serious breach of scientific responsibility. The soap produced in Nazi death factories was not a by-product of sadism to be understood in individual psychological terms. It was produced as a commodity. It is not the exaggeration of sex *per se*, but its introduction into spheres where it cannot explain real operative causes, that is an obstacle inherent in old-school psychoanalysis. It is not so much that the sexual factor is overstressed in the study of individual and social problems as that the exclusive importance assigned to it constitutes an evasion helping to cover up other dynamic factors, be they of social, political or economic nature. That is where the phallacy comes in.

FREDERIC WERTHAM

New Republic News

One of our friends, a Stanford graduate, kept working on her father until finally she egged him into subscribing to the *NR*. He sent us a letter along with his check saying that our air of absolute righteousness gave him a certain droll satisfaction. "It's really funny," he added, "how Andy Jackson knew all along he was the real founder of the New Deal."

Welcoming this new member of the *NR* family, we want to assure him that the Editors are laughing, too, and the Pulitzer Prize Committee rolled in the aisles.

• • •

A disillusioned, disgruntled and thoroughly fed-up liberal was having a particularly bad spell of pessimism in Washington one day last week. "Hell," he said, "look at the record. The only good thing liberals have to show for the past year in Washington is the veterans' emergency housing program." (This was before Mr. Barkley stood squarely on his feet in the Senate and refused to be talked out of getting that body to vote on the British loan.)

"You're too gloomy," his friend shot back. "How about daylight-saving time?"

• • •

Walter Pach's painting and etchings belong to the permanent collections of the Metropolitan Museum and other famous galleries. He is the translator of *History of Art*, by Elie Faure, and *The Journal of Eugene Delacroix*. Among his own books are *Vincent Van Gogh* and *Ingres*.

Manfred George was a ranking journalist and author in Germany until 1933. He is now editor of the New York German-language weekly, *Aufbau*, and American correspondent for the *Nationalzeitung*, Basle.

Isaac Rosenfeld, a former member of the *New Republic* staff, is the author of a novel, *Passage from Home*, published this month by Dial Press.

Richard Watts Jr. is a frequent contributor to the *New Republic*. For many years he was movie critic, and later drama critic, for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Richard Hofstadter, co-holder of the Alfred A. Knopf History Fellowship for 1945, is at present writing his second book, *Men and Ideas in American Politics*. He is an assistant professor of History at the University of Maryland.

Frederic Wertham is president of the Association for the Advancement of Psychotherapy and Senior Psychiatrist of the New York Department of Hospitals. He is the author of *The Brain as an Organ* and *Dark Legend: A Study in Murder*.

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